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## Events of the Week.

THE centre of military interest is once more in Belgium. The Germans are at last attempting to take Antwerp. If they should succeed promptly, and, above all, if they should put the Belgian army out of action, they would win thereby the possibility of using the greater part of their forces now in Belgium for the campaign in France. The crisis in France depends therefore to some extent on the ability of Antwerp to prolong its resistance. There is thus a sort of time-limit which governs the chance of an early successful offensive in France. General Joffre appears to be using the golden moments with the utmost energy. The movement on his left has been prolonged right up to the Belgian frontier, where von Kluck has evidently attempted unsuccessfully to turn him. The last news available indicates that the French have been gaining ground at Roye, the angle of the turning movement, and meanwhile the German right-centre along the Aisne has been weakened to a degree which might authorize a French offensive in that quarter. The Russian success near the frontiers of East Prussia has a considerable moral value. But the real event of the eastern campaign is still to come. The advance of the Germans in South Poland indicates that the decisive shock between the great masses of the German and Russian armies cannot be much longer delayed.

THE advance of the French left wing parallel to von Kluck's lines of communication has now pushed northward past Arras, Lens, and Lille, to Armentières on the Franco-Belgian frontier. The Germans, in their turn, have sent a large force of cavalry, with perhaps an Army Corps behind it, to the region just north of Lille. The meaning of this move was presumably that von Kluck, hoping that the French line might be dangerously

extended, has tried to break it by sending cavalry round on its rear. The attempt has failed. Fighting has been particularly fierce about Lens, and at the angle of the French turning move, about Roye and Lassigny. None of these engagements has been decisive, and though the French may have got much further north during the week, they do not appear to have got actually astride of von Kluck's lines of communication (Le-Fère-Le-Cateau-Maubeuge). But the latest news is that the French have won ground both round Arras and at Roye. This movement has however been so threatening that German troops have been withdrawn from the centre of the Aisne line to deal with it. The consequence is that we read of a slight advance and the capture of trenches by the British before Soissons, and by the French at Berry-au-Bac. A turning movement which fails to envelop the enemy may, none the less, succeed, if it forces him so to weaken his centre and render it breakable. One of the Crown Prince's corps has also given ground in the Argonne. Though we read of some French successes in the west, the Germans are still in possession of St. Mihiel, thus striding across the Verdun-Toul forts and threatening the French right-rear, but they have failed to bridge the Meuse at this point, and evidently cannot spare the numbers to profit by this opening.

ANTWERP is in danger, and the Belgian Government has followed the French example by withdrawing with the Diplomatic Corps to Ostend. The German besiegers are said to be 125,000 strong, but the defenders must be nearly as numerous, though their guns are outranged by the German, or rather Austrian, 42 cm. howitzers. The attack was evidently concentrated on the south-east. The last week's German news of the fall of some two or three of the outer forts must now be accepted as veracious. The next stage was an attack with field guns on the trenches behind the River Nethe, between Lierre and Duppel, which succeeded on Monday. On Tuesday an effort was begun to force the passage of the Scheldt. The Nethe once passed, there are only trenches in the open country to obstruct the enemy's advance until the line of little forts is reached, a mile from the old walls of the town. On Wednesday, after due notification, the bombardment of Antwerp itself began. It seems doubtful whether the enemy has many of his heavy siege guns available (some accounts speak of only one), but obviously, the Brialmont forts have been smashed, like those of Namur, by sheer weight of metal. The most serious aspect of this attack on Antwerp is not that its capture would be a grave menace to England, but that, should it succeed, it will release a large German force for service in Northern France.

LATER news from Antwerp represents the Germans as advancing steadily on the city through the gap in the south-eastern section of the outer fortifications. Their march is like a prairie fire, which devours every village and building in its path. Nor is this their only line of approach. On Wednesday, they had forced three passages across the Scheldt between Ghent and Termonde. This movement is, in a sense, more threatening

than the other, for it probably means that the Germans will do their utmost, if the city should fall, to prevent the garrison from breaking out by the only possible route—the narrow strip of Belgian territory still in their possession between the Scheldt and that detached portion of Holland which stretches along the coast, west of its estuary. King Albert, who has been all along the soul of the Belgian resistance, has now reluctantly left the city. Thousands of fugitives are fleeing from the city into Holland, where they are meeting with the utmost kindness. The bombardment of the city has already caused a gigantic conflagration in the south. The municipality has unanimously passed a resolution expressing the determination of Antwerp to make any sacrifice in order to prolong the resistance to the last moment.

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IN the eastern theatre the Russians have scored a notable success over the German invaders. They have won a brilliant victory in the field at Augustovo, and have succeeded not merely in defending the line of the Niemen, which the Germans were attempting to pass, but have cleared Russian territory of the enemy in this region, and have themselves crossed the Prussian frontier at two or three points. One account states that they were commanded by General Russky, the victor of Lemberg, a sign that the operations in this area were regarded as the most important for the moment. The Russian official news, which is always livelier and more prodigal in adjectives than the French, talks of the "disorderly" and "frantic" retreat of the Germans. The fighting lasted, over a front of about one hundred miles, for a week, and the Russian telegrams state that 400,000 Germans were engaged, under General von Hindenburg's command. The Russians claim eleven thousand prisoners—not a large number if this vast army had really been reduced to a "frantic" flight. The German official news claims a victory at Augustovo, and the capture of three thousand Russian prisoners; but the French official news corroborates the Russian. There may have been some local checks to the general Russian success in what was really a series of battles, but when allowance is made for the literary style of Russian telegrams, there is no doubt that our ally has won a substantial success.

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IN Southern Poland, which will soon be the principal battle-ground of the eastern area, there is nothing decisive to report. The German armies are massed between Lodz and Cracow, and have begun to advance instead of awaiting the slow Russian onset. How far the main Russian forces now are from the enemy is not known, but the Tsar is among them, and an official estimate mentions eight millions as the total number of Russian troops now "with the colors." It must not be supposed, however, that anything approaching this number is yet concentrated in or near the seat of war. The German advance seems to have been unexpected, and it is probably true, as the German official news states, that it has driven in the Russian vanguard at Opatow and Sandomir, north of the Vistula. This may be unimportant, but evidently the date of any possible Russian advance into Germany recedes. The Austrian forces have been placed absolutely under German command, an obvious confession of the feebleness of their own generals. Meanwhile, there is some evidence that the Russian descent into the Hungarian plain through the Carpathians is not a mere feint, but is intended to draw off the enemy from the hard-pressed Serbians.

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THE news from Serbia, under a spirited form, con-

ceals, one fears, the fact that the gallant armies of this little kingdom are fighting against heavy odds. Their chief difficulty is probably the lack of ammunition, which they cannot manufacture in any quantity themselves and may not import through the territory of their neutral neighbors. The Montenegrin port is open, but the roads inland are long, and practicable only for pack-horses. The siege of Cattaro by the French fleet and the Montenegrin army drags interminably, and the fact is probably that the troops of King Nicholas, in spite of the efforts of Serbian officers to train them, are hardly more reliable than they were in the Balkan war. The joint Serbo-Montenegrin invasion of Bosnia has evidently retreated from Serajevo with heavy losses, and the invaders are now on a line (Fotcha-Rogabitsa) some forty miles from the goal which they had almost reached. If Cattaro and Serajevo were both taken, the problem of the supply of ammunition would be solved, but until this happens the Serbs can hardly play in this war the rôle of which they are unquestionably capable.

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THE Belgian Grey Paper adds a remarkable chapter to the story of Germany's duplicity towards the country she has crushed. Herr Dernburg has referred to the Treaty of 1839 as a "moth-eaten" document. The moths must have corroded it with speed, because in 1911, 1913, and so late as July 31st—nay, August 2nd—of this year, Germany pledged herself to respect it, through accredited German officials. In 1913 Herr von Jagow said that Belgian neutrality was "determined by international conventions which Germany is decided to respect," and the Minister for War confirmed his words. But the crowning declarations were made within a few hours of the march on Belgium. Thus, on July 31st, Herr von Below-Saleske, the German Minister in Brussels, said that the views of the German Government on Belgian neutrality had not changed, and they were only not made public because it was desirable to leave France doubtful as to the point by which Germany would invade.

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THIS is a cynical enough position, but it amounted to a pledge of good faith, so far as the Treaty was concerned. On August 2nd, the same German Minister gave to Belgium "his personal opinion upon the security Belgium was entitled to feel in regard to her Eastern neighbor." It was only on the afternoon of the same day that Belgium was ordered to give Germany free passage or be treated as an enemy. On the following day the excuse for this unexampled perfidy was given. This was that French cavalry had crossed the frontier, and committed acts of war. "Where?" asked the Belgian officials. "In Germany," was the reply, followed by the impudent rider that if France committed one breach of international law she might be expected to commit another. Anticipating that act, Germany proposed to step in and do her own bit of law-breaking. It was not alleged that France *had* committed any offences against Belgium, or Belgium against Germany. Merely that some lamb had meant to foul the stream at some point other than that at which the wolf proposed to drink.

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TURKEY continues to behave as though her chief anxiety were to lose her neutrality, and the marvel is that she still observes it. The Germans evidently count upon her, and are supplying her lavishly with material of war. It is reported from Athens that she lately received four 42 cm. howitzers from Germany, on board German merchantmen. Though the "Times" speaks of this news as trustworthy, it is not easy to believe that German ships can have found their way to the Dardanelles, unless

the Allied fleets are much more negligent than we suppose. No less interesting is the news that Turkish troops from Thrace have been sent to Armenia, as if to meet an expected Russian attack. Turkish finances are in a more than usually chaotic state, but Turkey is a low organism, accustomed to chronic disorganization, and we must not expect her to be deterred by economic considerations. However, winter is near, and it is getting almost too late for her to move. Meanwhile, Essad Pasha has returned to Albania, and fills the vacuum created by Prince William's departure. As an Italian *protégé*, accustomed to dealing with Montenegro, it is quite likely that he will keep Albania more or less on anti-Austrian lines.

OUR Admiralty has taken a leaf from the German book, and has adopted a mine-laying policy for the defence of the Straits of Dover and the mouth of the Thames. The mine-field, which was notified on Saturday, runs from just above Ostend nearly to Dover, leaving, when the sandbanks are taken into account, only a narrow channel for navigation along the Kent and Essex coasts. This step has been taken, presumably, because the loss of three cruisers showed the difficulty of keeping up patrol-work against submarine attacks. As against the Germans, this is a natural act of retaliation, but our past protests against mine-laying as a policy were always based upon the danger to neutral shipping. The risk is not only that shipping may stray into the mine-field, but also that winter storms may detach the mines from their anchorage. At sea, the chief event has been the sinking of a German destroyer by Submarine E9, under the enterprising Lieutenant Horton, near the mouth of the Ems.

THE Prime Minister made an important statement at Cardiff as to the Anglo-German communications of 1912. They throw a strange light on the mixture of *naïveté* and crude exaction which marks Germany's post-Bismarckian diplomacy. Apparently our Government offered Germany a declaration that Great Britain would neither make nor join in an unprovoked attack on her, and that no such design did or would form part of any treaty or understanding to which she was a party. That seems to us an excellent step along the path to which Liberal statesmanship was certainly advancing—namely, an Anglo-Franco-German understanding, softening the antagonism of the two formal European groups. But Germany would not take it. She asked instead that we should pledge ourselves "absolutely to neutrality in the event of Germany being engaged in war." Was ever such assurance? We suppose she only wanted to draw us. For what country would consent to tie both hands behind its back, leaving another—its rival at sea—free to conduct any kind of war in complete disregard of its interests and honor? Considering what Germany has done without such an engagement, we can faintly imagine what she would have ventured under its cover.

WE must confess to serious disappointment with the Government's proposals for assisting the Trade Unions in the present crisis. We have from the outset urged that the refund by the State (under Section 106 of the Insurance Act) of one-sixth of the amount paid out in unemployment benefit by a Union should be immediately increased to a-half. We have urged this not only in the interest of the Unions, but in the interest of the community itself; for it is the Trade Union which, more than any other agency, is standing between its members and

destitution, and thus literally saving the pockets of the taxpayer and the ratepayer. The increase of the subsidy under Section 106, therefore, was not to be regarded as a mark of peculiar generosity on the part of the Government; it was required in mere fairness. But the official scheme, unfortunately, falls far short of this demand. The grant is to be increased, provided there is abnormal unemployment in the trade in question—(we have not heard yet what is to be considered abnormal)—but only on condition that the Union itself pays heavily for it, by imposing a weekly levy on all its members who are in full work.

THE new grant will then be either one-sixth or one-third, according to the rate of levy adopted by the Union. For a society paying unemployment benefit up to a maximum of 13s. (including the 7s. from the State in the case of the trades scheduled in the Insurance Act), a penny levy will earn a grant of one-sixth and a twopenny levy one-third. The weekly levy must be 2d. or 4d. (according as the higher or lower grant is desired) when the maximum benefit is 15s., or 3d. or 6d. when the benefit is over 15s. and not more than 17s. We do not object to the use of the levy; we have ourselves suggested that it should be adopted by unions which at present have no unemployed benefit funds of their own, as a means of creating such funds. But that is a very different thing from the proposal before us, and we do protest emphatically against the levy being thus made a condition precedent of obtaining a grant. The whole plan is poor and inadequate, and we hope that the Trade Unions will press for something better.

WE are glad to gather from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech to the Association of Municipal Corporations—who were clearly alarmed at his suggestion of limiting constructive municipal work to cases of acute and insistent "distress"—that he did not mean to go so far as was supposed. His idea was to check extravagance in an hour of tight money, not to check the forethought of municipalities in providing for unemployment. The Government had already decided to put a good deal of their five years' building programme into the estimates for the coming year, and to watch the state of the building trade. As to the future relations between the Government and municipalities, he spoke as follows:

"If municipalities, looking ahead, could see that there was a prospect of unemployment in their district, it was their bounden duty to make arrangements to prevent it occurring if, by any reasonable enterprise conducive to the common interest, they could avert it, and, in order to enable them to do that, the Government were prepared to lend them the Government credit."

FRANCE has lost this week, in the Comte Albert de Mun, perhaps the most interesting political personality (save M. Clemenceau) left to her since the murder of Jaurès. He was the one dominating and distinguished figure among the Clericals and Royalists in the Chamber, and, in spite of his advanced years, he still wielded a vigorous pen, and was a power in Conservative journalism. He was a figure whom the advanced parties fought without a truce at every turn of the party game; but they fought him with respect, and Jaurès used to write of him with an occasional touch of affection. He had the dignity and sincerity of the reactionary who neither bends nor stoops, and his spirit used to remind us occasionally of Lord Robert Cecil. He was, of course, an ultra-patriot, who quite openly advocated *la revanche*. He was the last survivor of the old-world France of the lilies and the Gallican Church.



## Politics and Affairs.

### A REAL EUROPEAN PARTNERSHIP.

"The idea of public right, what does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means, first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of States and of the future moulding of the European world. It means, next, that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each for the life of history a corporate consciousness of its own—Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States—they must be recognized as having as good a title as their more powerful neighbors, more powerful in strength and in wealth—exactly as good a title to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clashing of competing ambition, for groupings and alliances, and a precarious equipoise, the substitution for all these things of a real European partnership, based on a recognition of equal right, and established and enforced by a common will."—*The Prime Minister.*

THERE are those who insist that all thought and discussion regarding terms of settlement and the future government of Europe divide and damage that concentration of national energy upon the immediate conduct of the war which is essential to success. But while it is the soldier's duty not to "reason why," or to concern himself with the future of the countries which are his battlefield, non-combatant citizens have, we think, their own duty of reflection and judgment. Apart from the emotional and intellectual damages which mere absorption in the fears and hates, the horrors and the atrocities of war inflict upon the impotent spectator, there remains the grave peril that, when peace becomes possible, no clear and calm consideration should have been given to the conditions of a just settlement. The notion that somehow, spontaneously and miraculously, out of the havoc of this war will emerge swiftly and surely a palace of eternal peace is a foolish dream. If peace, or what Gladstone called "the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics," is, indeed, to be achieved, this great end must be attained by the close application of the principles laid down by the Prime Minister to the practical issues which are involved. We ought to do our best and clearest thinking now, for otherwise, when the time for critical action comes, it will find us vacant-minded, or the prey of appeals to regard only what seems to be the national interest of the moment.

In his inspiring interpretation of the principle of public right Mr. Asquith has invited, has indeed required, the nation to summon its power of reflection and of self-restraint to the performance of this task. But it cannot be performed without a great, indeed an unprecedented, effort on the part of enlightened and instructed men and women who have not lavished their whole stock of thoughts and feelings on the passions of conflict. Mr. Asquith, in his vision of a constructive settlement, purposely confined himself to its broad principles. We feel certain that there are multitudes

of men and women of all parties, sects, and classes in the country, who are already seeking in the fulfilment of that vision some relief from the horrors which immediately confront them. They accept with passionate sincerity the fundamental idea of the repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of States, and the substitution of "a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal right, and established and enforced by a common will." But it is well to recognize the difficulties, in order to realize the supreme importance of translating these general ideas into actual concrete facts. This war will, indeed, make us desire more intensely than ever the expulsion of militarism from the European system. The question is how far the passion of militarism itself will have been nourished and invigorated by activity. Shall we—say the pessimists—find it easy to expel, not merely Prussian, but French, British, Russian militarism? Again, they urge, will the triumph of the conquerors and the bitterness of the conquered form an easy moral atmosphere in which to apply the doctrines of equal partnership and of the common will? While this tragical display of the failure of the balance of power, maintained on a basis of armed peace, will undoubtedly arouse an earnest, even a passionate, desire for a European partnership, on the other hand, will not aggressive nationalism, nourished by the war itself, be a force antagonistic to the "common will"? We cannot answer these critics with entire confidence. We hope much from the natural reaction from war, the lassitude, the disgust, the desire for normal humane living, which must follow it. Militarism can hardly be accredited by this war. It must indeed be horribly discredited by it. Doubtless the difficulty of envisaging a Concert of Europe, in which conquering, conquered, and neutral Powers, of all races and sizes, still throbbing with the passions of antagonism, shall meet on a basis of equality and mutual goodwill, almost staggers the imagination. But it is all the more right that we should steadily press forward to this goal and refuse for a moment to admit these obstacles to be insurmountable. For to do otherwise is to abjure for Europe the very possibility of conscious government and to abandon the cause of civilization to a counsel of sheer despair. For it is now manifest that neither by sheer isolation, nor by the mechanical device of balances, nor by group domination, can peace be secured and civilization supported. The sole hope, the only alternative, is this idea of equal European partnership, which we would wish to see extended so as to include other great non-European Powers. Political salvation can only come from the realization of this idea, which, however novel it may sound, is in the last analysis merely one great step in that evolution of human society which has been taking place from the beginning of history. The limitation of the sovereign rights of State, which it involves, is merely on a large scale that abandonment of individual absolutism upon which every smaller society is built.

We earnestly plead, therefore, for a concentration of thought upon the principles which Mr. Asquith laid down in his great speech, and the problems which these principles evoke. Those who cannot serve their country

on the field, and whose spare time and energy are not wholly occupied with the immediate tasks of dealing with distress and unemployment arising from the war, should take it as their chief duty to their country to prepare their minds and those of their neighbors, in order that, when the possibility of peace approaches, there may everywhere be found a nucleus of sound and instructed public opinion supporting and inspiring this Government to propose and carry through a settlement based upon those large constructive principles which alone promise a reign of peace and of secure government for Europe.

### RUSSIA AND HER JEWS.

AMONG the half-dozen anecdotes which have so far helped us to visualize that immense play of mechanical forces which is the war in the East, no less than two relate to the exploits of Jewish soldiers. It is not surprising that Jewish soldiers should display courage and intelligence. What interests us about these stories is that the Russian Press, among all the thousands of picturesque stories which might have been told about this war, has singled out these two for special emphasis. It is pleasant to learn that any unjustly despised race has shown valor, and it is pleasanter still to hear that one of these Jewish soldiers has won a decoration, while the other was recommended for promotion from the ranks to a commission. The imagination emphasizes what it wants to see. The new fact about Russia is evidently that Russians want to think well of their Jews, and still more that they want to think well of themselves in relation to their Jews. The psychology of a nation at war commonly shows this sudden raising and lowering of valuations. Nothing is too bad to say of the enemy, and nothing is too good to think of one's own side. Like most deeply-rooted human instincts, this tendency is not mere sentimentalism. It has an obvious utility. It turns with a peculiar grace of flattery precisely towards those sections of the community from whom it has least right to look for spontaneous loyalty and service—the working-men who were organizing for a gigantic strike, the women who were denied a vote, the Irishmen who were arming for civil war, the Indians who saw themselves excluded from our colonies. It is an instinct which it would be easy to subject to satire; but it is a repellently cold nature which can indulge in that recreation in time of war. Satire is the unwisdom of the superior person. The instinct, if it is only warm enough, may effect amid the heightened emotions of strife, a fusion which leaves permanent results behind it. War brings evil enough in its train; let us not deny its possibilities of incidental good. We believe in this country that this war which has called out so much of the noblest spirit of self-sacrifice, will not pass without improving our political relations with Irishmen and women and Indians. It is easy to understand the hopes of Russians, who look for a like transformation in the status of their own subject nationalities, and in particular of the Jews.

The danger of such a sentiment as this is, of course,

that it wins loyalty too cheaply. It creates a mood of mutual tolerance, in which the problem seems to be already solved. Everyone hopes, everyone expects, and since no one looks for much in the way of legislative change while war lasts, the result may well be that nothing at all happens. The utmost charity does not require us to close our eyes to the fact that neither in regard to the Jews, nor to any other subject race, nor to the general political condition of Russia, was anything done or said, up to the period of the opening of the war, which truly authorizes these hopes. Save to the Poles, there has not been so much as a promise from the Tsar. With regard to the Jews, the situation was what it had been ever since the bloody policy of organized pogroms was abandoned for the dry terrorism of legal repression. Save for the *faux pas* of the ritual murder trial, the bureaucracy has, on the whole, avoided measures which would arrest the attention and strike the imagination of Western Europe. In a world in which journalism so largely governs our thinking, the great secret of tactful oppression is to be tedious. Do nothing which makes good "copy," and the conscience of the civilized world will slumber. What the bureaucracy has done through this series of years has been to tighten all the restrictions which weigh on the Jewish community, and to narrow the few apertures by which its more favored members might struggle upwards to knowledge and well-being. The professions which were open to Jews are now virtually closed. The schools which were grudgingly open to them, admit a smaller percentage and under harsher conditions. The wholesale expulsions of Jewish residents from towns and villages where they used to live freely, have grown steadily more frequent and more merciless. A paper which contains some depressing interviews with leaders of the Duma reports two typical symptoms of this tendency. A paragraph in small type names four districts from which all Jewish residents have just been expelled. A more prominent article explains a new system of chicanery by which the Minister of Education expects to reduce still further the small percentage of Jewish children (already limited by law) who are allowed to attend secondary schools. The system by which the great mass of the Jewish race in Russia is over-crowded and exploited within a closely-guarded "Pale," by which the fortunate few outside it are loaded with special taxes, by which knowledge is denied to the young and advancement to the capable, while the Government itself fans fanaticism by the legend of ritual murder—that system had seen no amelioration in recent years, and on the eve of the war it was being rather worsened than bettered.

The news that the Russian Government had formally promised legislation to remove Jewish disabilities would be worth more to the Russian cause at this moment than a crushing victory over the German armies. It would alter at one stroke the whole European outlook. We do not mean merely that it would influence the thinking both of neutrals and of Russia's ally about her; it would do that, for the behavior of any Christian people towards its Jews is among the most searching tests of its civilization. We are thinking rather of the effects upon Russia herself. The Russian Slav is certainly not the least gifted member of the European family. In sensibility,

in artistic genius, in the power to speculate freely and deeply about life, in all that belongs to the emotions and the imagination, he is probably the most gifted. It is in the coarser work of organization, in commerce, and in administration, that he fails. He has had to import much of his external culture. He has relied to an extent which few foreigners realize, on the aptitudes of men of other races for the conduct of his army, his administration, and his commerce. While he turned to German immigrants and to the Germans of the Baltic provinces in the indispensable work of organization, he neglected and repressed the one native element which possessed all the qualities which are complementary to his own. The realism, the shrewdness, the adaptability, the power of organization, which he lacks, all these are to be found among the Jews, whose qualities he employs only after they have renounced their religion. Spain in the Middle Ages made the same mistake. Sooner or later Russia will repair it, and the moment when she is revolting against the ascendancy which German civilization and German commerce have obtained within her borders would seem to be a natural one to choose. The effect on her backward economic life, on her scantily diffused education, and, above all, on her political development, would be prompt and salutary. A touch of Jewish realism, less prone than the Slav temperament to comfortable delusions, less fecund in theory, and more apt at organization, is precisely what the Russian parties of progress lack—and that indeed is largely the reason why the reaction has repressed the Jews.

In a letter to Mr. Zangwill, of which the governing sentence has been published, Sir Edward Grey has said that British influence will favor the emancipation of the Russian Jews. We do not know how far the Russian Government values the intangible asset of the good opinion of its two Liberal allies. A near-sighted politician might argue that a Power which can at the crisis in its fate command the finances and the arms of the two Liberal peoples of the West has already got what it wants from them. That may be true while the war lasts. It would no longer be true if the menace of German militarism were removed. If in any degree the new Europe is relieved of the military problems which scourged the old, sympathies will inevitably follow natural lines of political affinity. We desire with all our hearts that those lines shall include the Russian people, perhaps the most gifted of all the European stock in spiritual insight. We hope with our whole mind that this question of the Jews may no longer stand in the way of an extension to official Russia of the cordial sympathy which links us to France.

#### BACK TO BELGIUM.

BELGIUM has been, from the first, for us and also for the world of neutrals, the emotional centre of this war. It is once more the centre of military interest, and that for two reasons. What is left of the Belgian nation as an organized military Power is fighting for its life behind the defences of Antwerp. Eighty miles to the south of this centre of strife, the long battle-line in France has straggled northwards, until it again touches the Belgian

frontier, at Armentières. There is more than chance in this approach of the two areas of strife. For two months the Germans have been able to ignore the fact that a Belgian army was still in being at Antwerp. It has shown some enterprise, and has kept the containing forces busy. But so far as we know, it has not been a serious menace to the main lines of the German communications through Belgium. If the Germans have at length made up their minds that the time has come to deal with Antwerp, the reason is, no doubt, that they can no longer afford to keep so large a force occupied in Belgium. There have been signs of this tendency already. The garrison in Brussels has dwindled gradually, and has at length been compelled to assure its position by mining streets and fortifying barricades in the centre of the city. It is the same need for economy in men which doubtless explains the decision to take Antwerp. Von Kluck requires every man whom he can summon to deal with the enterprise of the French in the west. He has called for men from Metz, from before Verdun, and now, at length, from the centre along the Aisne. Because he needed men, the promising German march behind the French eastern rear has been arrested at St. Mihiel. Because he needs men, Antwerp must be taken.

One does not like to hazard a conjecture as to how long Antwerp can hold out. The news which comes from unofficial correspondents is always optimistic, and they evidently have not been allowed to write candidly. The great Brialmont forts have once more proved themselves a pathetic vanity of obsolete science under the crushing blows of the Krupp 42-cm. howitzers. Antwerp now depends for its defence, not on the strength of its elaborate works, but on the spirit of its garrison, and its ability to fight as the armies are fighting on the Aisne, in trenches and in the open. It has been reinforced, as one telegram states, and it ought not to be seriously inferior in numbers to the three corps (125,000 men) who are attacking it. But if an army defending a great city has some material advantages, it fights under this moral disadvantage, that the more obstinately it holds out, the more certainly does it expose the city to destruction. How long the conflict can continue under these conditions we cannot guess, but every day gained is of vital consequence to the general cause of the Allies. If Antwerp should be taken and its army captured or put out of action by a flight into Dutch territory, the posture of the campaign in Western France would be altered gravely for the worse. The addition to von Kluck's army of any large proportion of the Germans now before Antwerp would probably end the hope of turning him, or (what would be even more serious) it would enable the Germans to resume their own turning movement through the gap of St. Mihiel in the east.

We have hitherto been following the slow development of the campaign in Northern France (it is absurd to go on talking of the Battle of the Aisne) without much reckoning with the element of time. The Russian pressure in the East had already made the Western area self-contained. Eventually, we supposed, the Germans might have to withdraw men from it, but we did not imagine that they might be reinforced. That is now



a possibility. To achieve a decisive success in France, it seems that General Joffre must achieve it within the week or weeks (we cannot even guess at the time), that Antwerp wins for him. The effort to turn von Kluck's flank has come short of full success, not from any want of enterprise or rapidity in the French movements, but obviously because the Germans were always able to call up drafts of men from somewhere or other, which kept the opposing numbers approximately equal. A turning movement succeeds either by reason of a considerable superiority of numbers, or else by surprise, or because the enemy is inert. Surprises are impossible in these days of aeroplanes, and inert von Kluck most certainly is not. He has replied throughout to the French manoeuvre by a series of counter-offensives. He is always alert, and his counter-attacks have so far been formidable, without achieving any decisive end. At Roye and Lassigny, only twenty-five and thirty miles from his vital railway junctions at Tergnier and Le Fère, he has so far held the French advance. Before Arras, evidently the new point of departure in the effort to cut his communications, he has met them again, and temporarily held them back from the thirty-five miles of straight road through Cambrai to his railway at Le Cateau. But this ground he has almost certainly lost again, and the French report describes him as falling back in several places. Finally, he is attempting what looks like an effort to turn the French turning movement, by sending a large force of cavalry round Lille to the rear of the French at Lens. There, again, his success seems doubtful. It looks to the distant and scantily informed observer like one of the most obstinate and evenly matched contests in history. There seems to be little to choose in the skill, the enterprise, the courage, and probably also in the numbers of the two antagonists. But it cannot go on indefinitely. It ought to end, if the Allies are to score a decisive success, while Antwerp holds out. Were that to happen, the pressure on Antwerp would at once be relieved, and the greater part of Belgium would be rapidly cleared of the invaders. It may well happen, but it will not necessarily happen by an early success in the far West. There are signs in the British advance at Soissons and the French advance at Berry-au-Bac, that the resistance of the German centre is weakening. If General Joffre had some fresh troops to dispose of, it might pay at this stage of the battle to make a vigorous attempt to break the German centre. This campaign must be watched, however, with an eye to either alternative. The early fall of Antwerp might so alter the proportions in the field as to force the Allies once more to fight on the defensive in France, and to delay a decision in the Western area until substantial British reinforcements are available.

In the Russian theatre the whole aspect of the campaign has notably changed during the week. The early development of the campaign in Galicia led us to think too much of the Russian attack on Cracow as an imminent event. Had the Russians been really bent on the early capture of the South Polish capital, they would hardly have divided their forces for an incursion into the Hungarian plain. That seems to us a hazardous enterprise. The disaster in East Prussia has been avenged by the continuous Russian successes which

have driven the Germans back in the northern area across their own frontier. This is, however, a side-issue to the main battle, though a German success here would have enabled them to bear down on the Russian communications in South Poland. The main fact is that the central German masses are now advancing rapidly in South Poland, somewhat to the surprise of the Russians. No one ought to have expected the Germans to await the Russian flood in passivity. The obvious policy for the more mobile, if less numerous, German forces is to strike as hard and as fast as they can, before the Russian concentration is completed. The Austrians failed in this same effort at a much more promising moment. The Germans are probably attempting this enterprise too late. How far the Russians are ready to bring their crushing numbers to bear, we do not know. If they are ready and can move quickly, it is possible that the first decisive struggle for the road to Berlin may be fought along the Vistula in the heart of Poland.

#### IDEALISM AND THE WAR.

I WAS visited the other day by a person of considerable ability and sincerity, who, while English by birth, professed to have some connection with the more liberal and democratic elements in Germany. I regarded the visit as of interest, if not of importance, for it represented something more than an unqualified statement of a national case. My visitor affected no love for German militarism and its fruits in Germany and Belgium; the standpoint was rather that of the "Vorwaerts" newspaper. It was a plea for a halt—for a consideration of the whole European situation at a moment when, neither party having achieved anything they could call a victory, both might be willing to regard it in a new light. Briefly, my visitor proposed that the nations should think of peace in terms which might heal the fresh wounds inflicted by the war—and what wounds they are!—bring salve to old wounds, and give lasting security to Europe. Naturally, I asked what means existed for carrying out these humane thoughts and hopeful ideals of politics. So far as a scheme of reconstruction was concerned, my visitor was at no loss, and discovered ideas with which many individuals in this country are in sympathy. The first necessity was to destroy the seeds of bitterness sown by the war. With this object, there was to be no humiliation and no recrimination. But there was also to be no material cause of future alienation. To that end, the belligerents should resolve to indemnify losses they had caused and to restore territory they had occupied.

So much for the present; but what of the inherited, the tragic past? There, again, my communicant had an ample store of medicaments. We must look, first, to an adjustment of States on lines of nationality; and, secondly, to the method of the *plébiscite*, conducted by international committees working in such disputed territories as Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig, the Russian Baltic provinces, Finland, Poland, the Trentino, and the Balkans. But beyond all these settlements of existing or pending disputes lay the question of the future of Europe. How could this be secured? Only by a general internationaliza-

tion of those concerns which were in their essence international. We must, in this view, be rid of our ideas of national isolation in foreign policy. For the secretive, purely self-regarding action of diplomacy we must set up the idea of European confederacy, and, as a substitute for group allies, an alliance of all against aggressors. How shall we develop the mechanics of this new idealism? With the plan of an open international Parliament, freely receiving the news of diplomacy, and freely discussing it. Such a Parliament, with subordinate law courts and police for minor international offences, would naturally proceed to administer the European Straits, such as the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, the Suez Canal, Gibraltar, and the Kiel Canal, as well as to affix a definite proportional limit to the armies and navies. Finally, this system would be subject to a general scheme of democratic government, suited to the growth of free political institutions in the great European States.

Excellent, I said in effect; this is the ultimate line of advance for democracy in Western Europe. We are in general agreement with you; on these main objects our eyes and hopes for the future are fixed. But how apply it to the present stage of the war? It presupposes an instant halt in France, in Belgium, in East Prussia, in Poland, in Galicia. What force is to bring about such a stay of arms and of the immense, the unimaginable, sufferings which the maintenance of the seemingly unending struggle entails? Something divine and healing in its essence. But its source? Germany? But what will Germany put into the common stock of appeasement? Reparation for the outrage and ruin she has brought on Belgium? Withdrawal from the great scheme of German hegemony involved in her mastery of the Belgian coast and ports, and her vision of a political control of a beaten France? What asset can we, in honor, give to terms or thoughts of peace other than those which contemplate a real subordination of military Germany to a scheme of politics ruling out of the European State system an inexorable and proudly and widely ambitious form of national militarism? Kaiserism, and its dominant idea, crudely expressed by Bernhardt in the alternative of "world-power or downfall," remains, unshaken by any event that can be called a crushing disaster for the German arms, or any vital blow to the power of organization which for long years shaped that fearful engine of destruction, and at last hurled it forth on an unprepared Europe. No approach to such a conception as my visitor indicated was to be seen in Germany's instant rejection of Sir Edward Grey's idea of a provisional Concert, as the basis of a readjustment of the European balance through a fresh organ of political action. Nothing in the shape of an "Areopagus," said the Chancellor, could be tolerated. The quasi-religious, quasi-fanatical support for German absolutism remains, so far as we know, unshaken and unexhausted in its power of flinging fresh thousands of victims into the battlefields of the east and the west. Professor Delbrück informs us that Germany's political designs comprehend the maintenance of the present equilibrium of European power on land, and the conquest (from us) of the equilibrium at sea. Nothing of a new Europe here!

By all means, I concluded, let us discuss any and every form of appeasement which promises relief from the deadlock of force on the Aisne. But there is a conflict of wills, of spiritual power as well as of soldiers and generals. How can this be resolved until a firm, material issue has been reached? I could not obtain an answer to my question. In the first two years of the American Civil War Lincoln contemplated a compromise which would make reunion with the Confederacy possible without any extreme settlement of the question of slavery. He failed, for the Southern Army was in the field, and was too strong, and the political and economic forces sustaining it too large, too proud and too self-confident, to yield. Germany appears to have her point of immovability in her fear of the Russian invasion, in her resolve to master France and Belgium, and in her unshaken belief in her Teutonic mission of world-dominance, and the justice and necessity of her State polity. We have ours in the definite rescue of France from the menace of the German military system, and the complete recuperation of Belgium, as well as in our resolve to have done with the Anglo-German war of ship-building, and with the pressure of the war of armaments on our national life. What middle term can be found? All that one hears from the war reduplicates one's own imaginative picture of its horrors. Nothing like it, in the accumulating mass of human suffering it sweeps along with it, has been known since human consciousness awoke to the notion of what war really is, and of how guilt and folly draw on innocence and simplicity to bear the burden of their original sin! But we must keep our thought clear and pertinent, while we continually look for such ways of escape as the entanglement of the hour permits.

H. W. M.

### A London Diary.

ANXIOUS as the situation is, I think it has lightened during the last few days. Certainly we want an *event*—such as a clearance of the German armies in France, sweeping enough to raise the siege of Antwerp. But no bad critical happening is expected. A good deal is hoped, too, from the newer factors of the Allied strength, such as the Indian reinforcements (by the way, has their winter clothing arrived?), the spirit of our troops, the sustained bravery of the French. Minor difficulties, of course, exist and persist. The best news from the front does not, I think, either point to a demoralization of the German arms or to the much-bruited stories of a failure in their transport. The life in the trenches is nerve-breaking for all, friends and foes, and the losses on both sides are terrible. Those of the French, though certainly much smaller than the Germans, point, I think, to the error of clothing the troops in the famous blue and red in place of dust-color. A still cleaner mark for artillery (and on the German side it is all artillery) has been furnished by the white trousers of the African troops. On the other hand, neither the Germans nor our men are much seen, thanks to scientific soldiering on the one side and the experience of the South African War on the other.



THE Irish situation is, I think, a good deal lightened. Mr. Redmond will get control of the Volunteer organization, and, so far as the Sinn Feiners are concerned, the opposition is of small account. Larkin and his party are more formidable, but their centre is Dublin—nearly always a centre of cross-movements. Ten thousand volunteers may very well be embodied, and it is fair to remember that the mass of Nationalist recruits have gone already—in the shape of reservists.

ONE hears a good deal—and with a certain jar—of the unimaginative way in which our troops are here and there being treated. Take, for example, the stiff, formal printed post cards on which our soldiers are allowed to say whether they are well or wounded or in hospital. Compare this sapless thing with the pretty post cards headed *L'Armée de la République Française*, on which the French soldier is allowed to say anything he pleases, except to give the names of places.

I DON'T think that the full passage from Gladstone's "Gleanings," which embodies the exact antithesis of the view of international politics, as compared with Bernhardt's, has yet been given, so it may be interesting to quote it here:—

"The greatest triumph of our time, a triumph in a region loftier than that of electricity or steam, will be the enthronement of this idea of Public Right as the governing idea of European policy; as the common and precious inheritance of all lands, but superior to the passing opinion of any. The foremost among the nations will be that one which, by its conduct, shall gradually engender in the mind of the others a fixed belief that it is just."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE MAGYAR TRAGEDY.

"Nine gallant gentlemen  
In Arad they strung up."

(George Meredith, "The Patriot Engineer.")

SUCH was the Austro-Hungarian question as it appeared to our grandfathers. They envisaged an "Austrian butcher" hanging Hungarian Hampdens because they strove, under Kossuth, for the old constitutional liberties of Hungary; those liberties were very rightly compared to the immemorial Parliamentary privileges of England rather than to the new revolutionary claims of France and of Italy. And our grandfathers sympathized with Kossuth all the more because the struggle was decided in 1849 by the armies of the Russian despot, who came over the Carpathians to help the Austrian despot in his hour of need.

"You've heard that Hungary's floored,  
They've got her on the ground;  
A traitor broke her sword,  
Two despots hold her bound."

Those four doggerel lines ring true of Victorian England. The honest passion they express led her into the Crimean War against the Russians—blind to the fact that she was thereby defending the Turkish Gehenna.

What an old world of bygone thought and action is that of 1849—a full generation before most of the

soldiers now fighting in Europe were born or thought of. Yet here come all those old questions and old passions of the Victorian era back again in a flood, drowning our modern endeavors and ideas. In changed forms the same Hungarian race problems have come implacably back for solution, as unsolved questions always will—*expellas furcâ*. And again England is involved in it all, far more seriously and more inevitably than in the Crimea, because "we've heard that Belgium's floored," and the old English instinct to go to the rescue of the little fellow who's been knocked down by a bully is alive in us yet.

The Victorian English were mainly right in their view of those transactions in Hungary. But one feature they overlooked. It escaped them that in Hungary half the population consisted of Slav and Roumanian peasants—not certainly "gallant gentlemen" like Kossuth's cavaliers, but, withal, human beings, nursing a race patriotism of their own, and rising again and again in *Jacqueries* against their Magyar masters, whose "ancient liberties" were to them what the English "privileges of Parliament" were to the Irish peasant in the time of Cromwell and King William.

I was travelling in Hungary a dozen years ago, while England was still regarded as the friend of the Magyars and the enemy of Russia. I was taken round by the "gallant gentlemen," the Magyar landlords of Transylvania. I went there full of the old English traditions of Kossuth; my hosts were profuse of true hospitality, and seemed to me to be people very like the best type of our English country gentlemen. My lines had fallen in pleasant places. And yet it could not escape me that they were an oligarchy, doubtless of a superior civilization, dwelling among an alien and hostile people. The analogy of Ireland a hundred years ago kept forcing itself on my mind. One Sunday that I spent in a chateau in the wooded Carpathians I remember going with my two hosts and their sister and two gamekeepers and the butler to the Calvinist service, held in what had once been an ancient Roman temple. There was no one else there except the parson. The rest of the population was in the village church, worshipping its pictured saints, the Orthodox substitute for Roman Catholic images. It was dangerously like the Ireland of 1798! And then there were the memories of the blood feud. My hosts told me how, when the Austrian troops marched out of the valley in 1848, the Roumanian peasants rose that night and massacred the Magyars, "men, women, and children." And when I got the Roumanian priest and the lawyer from a neighboring town alone with me, they told me how the Magyars in 1848 had massacred the Roumanians, "men, women and children." And I heard this twofold story wherever I made inquiries.

This week I have been thinking much of those people, the two young nobles, now, I suppose, getting middle-aged like the rest of us, their sister, the parson, if he is still alive, the gamekeepers, and the butler. If the armies of Russia or of free Roumania occupy Transylvania at any stage of this war, the best my friends can hope for is safe and speedy flight. The valley and the castle which their ancestors held so long against Turk and Austrian, and where they have lived such innocent and worthy lives, will know them no more. For I suppose that if Transylvania is annexed to the Kingdom of Roumania, there will be a great agrarian revolution at the expense of the scattered Magyar landlords. What will happen to the blocks of solid Magyar and Teuton colonists—the "Ulster" districts of this Eastern Ireland—I do not know. Much tragedy for

others will accompany the liberation of the Roumanian peasant, I fear.

If, on the other hand, the Germans this month beat the Russian armies north of the Carpathians, if consequently there is no invasion of Transylvania, then there will be no liberation of the Roumanian peasant, and the old Magyar "ascendancy" party will bear rule for another forty years in Transylvania, and in the yet more oppressed South Slav districts of Slavonia and Croatia. The appeal to the sword makes tragedy certain, whichever side wins.

Whose fault is it that the appeal has been made to the sword? I am bound to say I think it is very largely the fault of the Magyars. That is the "Magyar tragedy," whoever wins.

After 1866 the German Austrians bethought themselves, and, schooled at Königrätz, very wisely took their victims, the Hungarian Magyars, into equal partnership. The "gallant gentlemen" ceased to have to struggle for their own liberty. They became the rulers of polyglot Hungary, and as such were faced with the problem of how they would deal with their Slav and Roumanian subjects. These "inferior" races ceased henceforth to enjoy the intermittent protection of Austrian alliance against the Magyars.

Unfortunately, the Magyars, who had fought so nobly for their own liberty, have never yet conceived the idea of granting it to others. If the Magyar race was a democracy, they might perhaps have more sympathy with the South Slav and Roumanian democracies. But the Magyars are thoroughly oligarchical. Even in the great central plain of Hungary, where the entire population is Magyar, the people have very little power or protection. The Magyar oligarchy oppresses the Magyar people, and *a priori* continues to oppress the Roumanian and South Slav peoples.

In their social and political structure, the Magyars offer a remarkable contrast to the Serbs of the Kingdom of Serbia. Both the Serbs and the Magyars were long under Turkish rule. But when the Turk disappeared from Hungary, he left the Magyars still a feudal chivalry, with all the good and bad qualities of feudalism; whereas when the Turk left Serbia in later times, he had by then killed off all the old feudal chivalry of Serbia, and left the Serbs an absolutely democratic race, thoroughly equalitarian in feeling. The land was equally divided up among the peasant citizens. The Magyars are, in many respects of civilization, in advance of the Serbs, because they have been free of the Turk for so many generations longer. But they have got the vice of oligarchy deep in their nature. It bids fair to destroy them. At least, it has plunged Europe into the present war.

The Magyar treatment of the Roumanians has been bad, but their treatment of the South Slavs has been yet worse. It has been worst of all in recent years, since the rise of Serbia began to hold out a hope of deliverance to Croatia and Slavonia, the South Slav provinces of Hungary. That hope has since 1908 united the Roman Catholic Croats and Orthodox Serbs in one great South Slav party, looking for help to the free Kingdom of Serbia. Austro-Hungary complains that Serbia has been "a bad neighbor." She complained with equal truth and equally little justice that Piedmont was "a bad neighbor" in 1848 and 1859. Magyar oppression of the South Slavs, the suspension of the constitution of Croatia, and the abominable Agram and Dr. Friedjung trials, with their tale of forgery as a means of judicial murder, have been the only answer the Magyar oligarchy could find to the rising national consciousness of the

South Slavs. They are Slavs, an "inferior civilization," so "Down, Croppies, down"! It is the old spirit of the English garrison in Ireland, and there has been no English democracy to interfere and put matters right.

The Magyars have not treated their South Slavs or Roumanians as well as the German-Austrians have treated their Poles. The order of preference in the Polish mind for his three masters is: (1) Austria; (2) Russia; (3) Prussia. The formula for a real Polish settlement in case our side wins the war must be that the Tsar should give to re-united Poland a degree of liberty *not less than that enjoyed by the Austrian Poles prior to the war*. Unless the Polish, the Roumanian, and the South Slav questions are settled on a basis of race and of liberty, there will be another war some day.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Why is it that most intelligent and educated men and women refuse to read formal treatises upon philosophy or morals? It is not chiefly because they shirk the intellectual strain: it is for two related reasons. The first is that they feel life to be so elusive, various, and inconsequent a thing that it cannot, without mutilation, be forced into an intellectually satisfactory system. The second is that they suspect the philosopher and the professional moralist of foisting their private temperamental feelings and attitudes into the position of objective and universal truths. For these reasons they wisely prefer to enlarge or to correct their own reflections upon life from the journals, confessions, or informal commentaries of men of learning and of genius rather than from more studied works of intellectual achievement. They have always recognized that more philosophy is to be got from the scattered observations and reflections of a Marcus Aurelius, an Augustine, a Rousseau, a Goethe, an Amiel, than from the absolutist doctrines even of an Aristotle or a Kant.

We do not affirm this judgment to be right, but it represents the views and feelings, not of the ignorant and careless, but of sensitive and thoughtful people in all ages. The quality they seek in their books is the genuine, direct, personal confession of sensitive and courageously reflective natures, conveyed with the minimum of self-conscious art. It is sometimes suggested that everyone has it in him or her to write one such book. But this is very far from the truth. For the sincerity and intensity of observation and reflection that are needed are rare gifts, and the power to use effectively the literary medium for their communication to others is perhaps as rare. Because there are certain qualities of art liable to be spoiled by overstudy, a notion has gained ground in certain quarters that some fine literary virtues can be got by setting any intelligent seamstress or navvy to record his or her experience of life. Tolstoy perhaps set the fashion with his pretence that, because the moujik was in constant touch with the primal simplicities of life, he could give a sound and sufficient criticism of life. But while the "unsophisticated" child or peasant sometimes blurts out truths or asserts emotional values which civilized society has obscured, it is not such intellectual innocence that gives us what we want from a philosophy of life. Those who shall do this work for us must be themselves steeped in the learning and the experience of civilized life to-day. They must have read and thought and travelled widely; they must be familiar with the history, the thought and feelings of many sorts of people in many lands. Above all, they must not be mere collectors: they must bring a finely discriminative

and interpretative temper to bear upon all they see and hear and read.

It is our fortune of late to have received two such literary records made under the conditions here laid down. One is the volume, "Notebooks of Samuel Butler," published a couple of years ago; the other is a volume just issued by Mr. Havelock Ellis, "Impressions and Comments" (Constable). We venture to assert that these books are more provocative of useful thinking than any others that have appeared in recent years. Mr. Ellis has much in common with Samuel Butler, an intense and delicate feeling for all forms of beauty in nature and in art, combined with a passionate spirit of revolt against conventional values both in art and other modes of human conduct, an insistence upon simplicity and directness in all processes of thought and feeling, and a sceptical attitude towards much that is called progress. There is less of the pungent satire and the rollicking imagination of Butler, and more feeling for literary expression. Indeed, several of the most interesting "entries" are concerned with the art of style. "The best writing must always contain both Dignity and Familiarity, otherwise it can never touch at once the high things and the low things in life, or appeal simply to the complete human person."

It is this feeling for the "complete human person" that gives the degree of unity which makes these "Comments and Impressions" into a book. Mr. Ellis's sense of complete humanity everywhere underlies his criticism, and gives substance to his vision. It is this feeling for completeness that leads him continually to tilt against the moralist and the logician, and their conceptions of perfection or of progress. "Completeness," as he conceives it, is the enemy of "perfection," in so far as the latter term implies achieved harmony. And logic, as the intellectual instrument of perfection, falls under the same ban.

"Life, even in the plant, is a tension of opposing forces. Whatever is vital is contradictory, and if of two views we wish to find out which is the richest and the most fruitful, we ought, perhaps, to ask ourselves which embodies the most contradictions."

Detached from its context, this appears unduly perverse, but it helps to convey what comes nearest to a central "doctrine" in Mr. Ellis's commentary, the sense of the wisdom of allowing to opposites full liberty to assert themselves instead of pronouncing prematurely on their merits and vices so as to encourage the one and to repress the other. This involves a condemnation of the injurious pressure of law, convention, and custom, by which the claims of the new creative impulses are stifled. The trouble arises very largely from hasty dogmatizing upon the destiny of man and the course of progress.

"The world is moving, men tell us, to this, to that, to the other. Do not believe them. Men have never known what the world is moving to. Who foresaw—to say nothing of older and vaster events—the Crucifixion? What Greek or Roman in his most fantastic moments prefigured our thirteenth century? What Christian foresaw the Renaissance? Who even really expected the French Revolution? We cannot be too bold, for we are ever at the incipient point of some new manifestation far more overwhelming than all our dreams. No one can foresee the next aspect of that Fountain of Life. And all the time the Pillar of that Flame is burning at exactly the same height it has always been burning at."

Liberty and audacity of experiment in life, with all the powers and desires which life evinces, that is the true attitude for man individually and collectively!

Mr. Ellis sustains a biological conception of life and its values, in which the sensual and the spiritual shall have equal recognition, and every man shall be a law

unto himself, based upon the uniqueness of his personality. This naturalist conception has, in truth, little in common with the cruder materialism of the last generation, but its application in Society involves many of the same difficulties. The suppression or subordination of one-half of life he attributes, perhaps rather fantastically, to the control which mathematically and logically trained thinkers have obtained over morals. Here is a characteristic passage:—

"Thus it came about that logic was introduced as the guide of morals; logic, which the Greeks regarded as an exercise for schoolboys, which in Flaubert's 'Tentation' is the leader of the chorus of the Seven Deadly Sins. That surprising touch of Flaubert's seems, indeed, a fine example of the profound and apparently incalculable insight of genius. Who would have thought to find in the visions of St. Anthony a clue to the disease of our modern morality? Yet, when the fact is before us, there is nothing plainer than the fatal analytic action of logic on the moral life. It is only when the white light of life is broken up that the wild extravagance of color appears. It is only when the harmonious balance of the moral life is overturned that the Deadly Sins, which in their due subordination are woven into the whole texture of life, become truly damnable. Life says for ever, 'Do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself.' And to such morality logic is fatally subversive. There can be no large and harmonious and natural morality when logic is made to stand where it ought not."

This protest against the domination of logic is not, however, with Mr. Ellis so much an intellectual position as a part of the revolt of feeling against the repression of the vital powers of man, spiritual as well as physical. Not merely in politics and industry, but particularly in the finer arts, this paralysis of the human spirit is found. Nowhere has the damage been heavier than in the finest and freest art of illusion, the drama.

"Material realism on the stage is not merely dull, it is deadly; the drama dies at its touch. All great drama owes its vitality to the fact that its spectator is not a mere passive block, but the living inspiration of the whole play. He is, indeed, the very stage on which the drama is enacted. He is more, he is the creator of the play. Here are a group of apparently ordinary persons, undoubtedly actors, furnished with beautiful garments and little more, a few routine stage properties, and, above all, certain formal conventions, without which, as we see in Euripides and all great dramatists, there can be no high tragedy. Out of these mere nothings and the suggestions they offer, the spectator, like God, creates a new world and finds it very good. It is his vision, his imagination, the latent possibilities of his soul that are in play all the time."

The creative power of man is thus made the recurring theme which gives what unity of thought or feeling is to be found in this philosophy. Man is not only the measure, but the maker of his universe.

"The theologians, with their ineradicable anthropomorphic conceptions, have never been able to see how stupendous an anachronism they committed when they placed God prior to His Created Universe in the void and formless Nebula. Such a God would not have been worth the mist He was made of. It is only when we place God at the End, not at the Beginning, that the Universe falls into order."

#### THE BUREAU'S SALVATION.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the few officials left in the Press Bureau were unhappy. Every Briton who gives up a Saturday afternoon to work has a right to be unhappy, but the war did not stop on that account. Any news that came in had to be censored, and some sort of bulletin issued for the Sunday papers.

The country had outlived the first spasm of excitement. People no longer rushed for every edition of



every paper that appeared, in the expectation of some overwhelming victory or defeat. They were settling down to the fact of war, and most readers turned over the columns of "casualties" as indifferently as they turn over the Parliamentary debates in peace time. Those whose feelings would usually have been deeply stirred by a single murder, observed the figures of ten thousand violent and bloody deaths without a qualm. But, none the less, the country was dimly conscious of some fearful change. The thing had come which was so long foreseen that no one expected it. All knew that within a day's journey of where they stood, a conflict for life and death was raging, such as involved the destinies of their race, the European world, and their own little homes. All knew vaguely, though few cared or dared to realize, how ghastly the conflict was. They listened for any assured tidings which came from amid the crash of those incalculable battles. In spite of habit and the limit which dulness or mercy lays on imagination, the country was solemnized. A communion of awe pervaded it; for now, if ever, one might hear the beating of Death's wings.

That was why some of the officials in the Press Bureau were compelled to abandon the accustomed joys of Saturday afternoon. Three of them were sitting in a room together, looking over letters and telegrams as they arrived. The senior of them, a man named Taylor, had the "galley" proofs of some articles by "experts" before him.

"I say," exclaimed one of his colleagues, suddenly looking up, "here's the 'Timekeeper' raising Hades because we censored a column of its stuff and passed exactly the same story for the 'Messenger' without cutting a word!"

"Oh, never mind the 'Timekeeper,'" said Taylor; "That's a Liberal paper, and doesn't count."

"I'm afraid it was my fault," said Jones, his other colleague; "You see, the 'Messenger' sent its stuff in 'flimsy,' and one couldn't bother to read it all. It seemed pretty safe—the usual kind of thing about running round in a motor and springing a leak in the petrol tank, and seeing a Uhlan, and talking to a refugee."

"That's all very well," said Brown, "but the 'Timekeeper' says its man was waltzing round in the same motor with the 'Messenger' man, and sent the same story about springing a leak, and seeing a Uhlan, and talking to a refugee, and we killed it all!"

"That must have been old Scupper," said Jones; "I expect he thought the Uhlan a dangerous character. But, as Taylor says, the 'Timekeeper' is only a Government organ, so that's all right."

There was silence for a time, and the reading went on, marked by an occasional slash of someone's pen. At last Jones got up and began walking restlessly about the room.

"This is sickening," he said; "What's a fellow to do with all these letters and conversations that people want to stick in! Here's a private saying he had no idea a man had got so much blood in him till he saw it all run out. And another man describes his pal's head being cut off close beside him. And another man says the worst was having to advance and then retire by night over a piece of field so thick with dead men and the groaning wounded that you couldn't tell whether you were treading on the ground or men unless what you stepped on moved. And another says he didn't mind anything so much as the shriek that went up all along the enemy's line when his company got into them with the bayonet."

"That's distinctly disloyal," said Taylor.

"It's perfectly sickening," Jones continued; "There's lumps of it. What on earth has a fellow to do with it all?"

"Burn it, scrap it, do what you like," said Taylor, absently; "Only for the love of heaven don't interrupt me with that sort of garbage while I'm trying to find out whether this expert's view of the situation is mistaken enough to be safe."

Again there was silence, while Jones ran his pen impatiently through one terrible passage after another.

"Mention of St. Vincent-du-Bois allowed?" asked Brown, without looking up.

"No names of places to be mentioned, without permission," Taylor answered.

"But the Germans are there," Brown objected.

"All the more reason for not telling them so," said Taylor, triumphantly.

"Can the West Kents stand?" asked Jones.

"Our instructions are, no names of regiments," Taylor answered, severely.

"But that dear old 'Eye-witness' had them in only this morning," protested Jones; "Look, here they are—the Dorsets, the West Kents, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and the King's Own Scottish Borderers."

"The 'Eye-witness' is a privileged person with the General Staff," Taylor remarked; "He has special opportunities for becoming conversant with the realities of the war. His reports must be accepted as authorized gospel."

"Well, I wish he'd roll up with another chapter of his gospel now," said Brown, yawning; "Jones is scrapping all the blood and horror. You're dealing with the experts as experts deserve. Paris has hardly sent a line. We can only issue a bulletin of 'situation going on as well as can be expected.' And that's all for the Sunday papers!"

"The position is certainly becoming serious," said Taylor, looking anxiously at the clock; "At a moment of national crisis, the public has a right to some news of the heroic efforts upon which the national safety depends. The Empire is at stake, and it's tea-time already."

Pat to the moment, a boy-scout entered with a large envelope.

"Saved!" cried Taylor, tearing it open; "The 'Eye-Witness' himself! Look, three-quarters of a column at least! He's the man for me."

"Well, what does he say about the army and the progress of the battle?" asked Jones, anxiously watching the other's face as he skimmed the letter.

"Excellent!" cried Taylor at last; "Just the thing we want! Perfectly safe, full of human interest, encouraging for recruits, pleasant reading for everybody! It divides itself naturally into two main scenes. Now just listen to the first:—"

"Within sight of the spot where these words are being penned the chauffeur of a General Staff motor-car is completing his morning toilet in the open. After washing hands and face in a saucepan minus handle, which he has balanced on an empty petrol-can, he carefully brushes his hair with an old nail-brush, using the window of the car, in which he has slept, as a looking-glass. From the backward sweep he gives to his somewhat long locks, and judging by his well-cut and clean, but dull, brogue shoes, it is clear that he has once been a 'knot,' in spite of his oil-stained khaki service jacket and trousers. He is, in fact, an ex-public schoolboy who enlisted for the war to do his bit for his country, and a right useful part he is playing."

"Tosh!" said Brown.

"Now, here's the second scene," Taylor went on, without noticing the comment:—

"At the dinner hour yesterday, in a house which at ordinary times is a second-class café in a small country town, this trait (i.e., of resignation) was exhibited to a curious degree. The main entrance of the café opens on to a combined entrance hall and kitchen containing a long zinc-covered table and furnished with a large cooking-range. Whilst the officers billeted in the house were eating lunch and smoking in the salon next door, a continuous stream of orderlies, motor-cyclist dispatch-riders, intelligence agents, telegraph operators, and staff officers were passing through the hall, one soldier servant was frying something at the range, and others were slicing tomatoes and onions at one end of the table. Quite unperturbed, amidst a cloud of flies, the 'patron,' his wife, and family, were discussing their own déjeuner with gusto, immersed in their own affairs and also in a shower of grease, for they were eating artichokes, each petal of which was first dipped in a bowl of melted butter and conveyed to the mouth with a flourish."

"I like that phrase 'conveyed to the mouth with a flourish,'" said Taylor, critically, as he looked round at his two silent colleagues; "It has the true Stevensonian touch."

"Hog-wash!" said Brown.

"Do you really mean," cried Jones, "that in the agony of the greatest war in history we are going to publish the chatter of frivolous ineptitude as the kind of official news which English people desire?"

"There's a little bit about hospitals or something, and a few extracts from letters and stuff of that kind thrown in," Taylor continued, as he rapidly counted the words on a page. "Yes, it runs to pretty nearly a column, as I thought. That covers us for to-morrow and Monday too, and no one can say now that the Press Bureau keeps the public in the dark!"

## Short Studies.

### IN THE RAIN.

THE ass stood quietly where he had been left.

Rain was pouring from him as though he were the father of rivers and supplied the world with running water. It dashed off his flanks; it leaped down his tail; it foamed across his forehead to his nose and hit the ground from there with a thump.

"I'm very wet," said the ass to himself, "and I wish I wasn't."

His eyes were fixed on a brown stone that had a knob on its back. Every drop of rain that hit the stone jumped twice and then spattered to the ground. After a moment he spoke to himself again—

"I don't care now whether it stops raining or not, for I can't be any wetter than I am, however it goes."

Having said this he dismissed the weather and settled himself to think. He hung his head slightly and fixed his eyes afar off, and he stared distantly like that without seeing anything while he gathered and revolved his thoughts.

The first thing he thought about was carrots.

He thought of their shape, their color, and the way they looked in a bucket. Some would have the thick end stuck up, and some would have the other end stuck up, and there were always bits of clay sticking to one end or the other. Some would be lying on their sides as though they had slipped quietly to sleep, and some would be standing in a slanting way as though they were leaning their backs against a wall and couldn't make up their minds what to do next. But however they looked in the bucket, they all tasted alike and they all tasted well. They are a companionable food; they make a pleasant, crunching noise when they are bitten, and so, when one is eating carrots, one can listen to the sound of one's eating and make a story from it.

Thistles make a swishing noise when they are bitten; they have their taste.

Grass does not make any noise at all; it slips dumbly to the sepulchre, and gives no sign.

Bread makes no sound when it is eaten by an ass; it has an interesting taste, and it clings about one's teeth for a long time.

Apples have a good smell and a joyful crunch; but the taste of sugar lasts longer in the mouth, and can be remembered for longer than anything else: it has a short, sharp crunch that is like a curse, and instantly it bleases you with the taste of it.

Hay can be eaten in great mouthfuls. It has a chip and a crack at the first bite, and then it says no more. It sticks out of one's mouth like whiskers, and you can watch it with your eye while it moves to and fro, according as your mouth moves. It is a friendly food, and very good for the hungry.

Oats are not a food; they are a great blessing; they are a debauch; they make you proud, so that you want to kick the front out of a cart, and climb a tree, and bite a cow, and chase chickens.

Mary came running and unyoked him from the cart. She embraced him on the streaming nose. "You poor thing, you!" said she, and she took a large paper bag from the cart and held it to his muzzle. There was soft sugar in the bag, and half a pound of it clove to his tongue at the first lick.

As she went back to the house with the bundle of food, the ass regarded her.

"You are a good girl," said the ass.

He shook himself and dissipated his thoughts; then he trotted briskly here and there on the path to see if there was anything worth looking for.

JAMES STEPHENS.

## Communications.

### STATE FACTORIES FOR RURAL DISTRICTS.

"And, generally, to take such steps as may seem desirable for maintaining the supply."—From the terms of reference of the Royal Commission on Sugar Supply.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We are in no doubt that the country expects the Government to do something about sugar. When a Royal Commission is appointed

"to inquire into the sale and supply of sugar in the United Kingdom, to purchase, sell, and control the delivery of sugar on behalf of His Majesty's Government, and generally to take such steps as may seem desirable for maintaining the supply,"

it is plain that the situation is serious. The following figures show the state of affairs:—

#### LAST YEAR'S SUGAR IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM.

	Tons.	Tons
1. Countries with which we are at war:—		
Germany ... ..	933,133	
Austria-Hungary ... ..	359,169	
		1,297,907
2. Country from which importation is now forbidden by the Board of Trade:—		
Holland ... ..		190,166
3. Countries the sugar industry of which is affected by participation in the war:—		
Russia ... ..	2,940	
Belgium ... ..	52,446	
France ... ..	26,594	
		81,980
4. Rest of the World (cane sugar) ... ..		399,834
Total imports of Sugar in 1913 ... ..		1,969,887

We consume nearly two million tons of sugar in a twelve-month, and a million and a quarter tons of this are beyond our reach, because they are produced by countries with which we are at war. Even when the war is over our full supply from these countries will not be forthcoming. Their fields will have suffered from imperfect cultivation, and their industry will be crippled; and neither during the war, nor immediately after the proclamation of peace, can the war-wasted beet districts of Belgium and France be relied upon for their contribution to our sugar supply. What Russia may be able to do we shall see very soon. There remains Holland, importation from which has been forbidden because Germany, if she had the chance, would transfer her sugar

to the Dutch market. So much, then, for beet sugar. But cane sugar cannot help us very much, for it was not able last year to supply more than about 20 per cent. of our requirements. What the Government has done so far is to buy up a large quantity of present and future crop cane sugar. From the point of view of the United Kingdom, that was an excellent step to take. But to secure someone else's share of sugar, which is what the Government has done, does not increase the supply. When, by reason of the war, the Continent is unable to furnish us with sugar and the tropics are unable to meet the deficit, the only practical thing is to set about making sugar ourselves. That is what Napoleon did when our admirals cut off the Continent's supply of cane sugar. It looks as if this war, which in so many ways so closely resembles the struggle with Napoleon, might force on England the beet sugar manufacture which a century since our fleet forced on the Continent.

That properly refined beet sugar is absolutely indistinguishable in taste, appearance, and sweetening power from cane sugar is not generally understood, but is nevertheless the fact. That sugar beet can be grown here with the requisite amount of sugar in it thousands of experiments have proved. Indeed, a sugar factory in Norfolk is just about to begin its third season of sugar-making out of East Anglian beets. That there are no more factories than one in this country is due, in the first place, to the fact that our farmers do not know how valuable beet is—valuable because it is an alternative root crop which not only induces the best kind of cultivation, but, unlike mangolds and turnips, is sold for cash a few days after pulling. It is due, in the second place, to capitalists' feelings of uncertainty about the Government's excise duty. A third cause is a general distrust of beet sugar advocates, who have been guilty of many exaggerations, and have sometimes been ignorant of the good points of the agricultural practice which they proposed to improve. Liberals, in particular, have had reason to distrust the sugar beet movement, for it has often been a cloak for economic heresy and Protectionist advocacy. The truth is that no Government has done more for sugar beet than the present Liberal Government. It has strained the allegiance of many of its supporters by omitting to impose on home sugar an excise duty corresponding to that imposed on imported sugar. In other words, it has given the Cantley factory an advantage over foreign sugar of 1s. 10d. per cwt.; it has got rid of the Brussels Convention, and granted £11,000 to an organization which has helped to provide the Norfolk enterprise with beets; more beet-growing under official auspices is contemplated, we have reason to believe; and now, by closing our ports to sugar *via* Holland, the Government has still further improved the market opening for Cantley.

The question is whether the Government should proceed definitely to establish the beet sugar industry in this country. I have looked forward to the Government taking a very different step in regard to sugar. I have hoped that it might be possible to do away entirely with the import duty on foreign sugar—which Mr. Lloyd George reduced by half—and so provide ample supplies while abolishing a food tax. But at a time when we are piling up debt by millions a week, it is vain, I fear, to expect a Chancellor to relinquish such an important source of income as the sugar duty. The thing to think about at present is whether the Government should or should not contemplate the setting up of State sugar factories. (The idea is that the factories should be handed over after the war to co-operative companies.) By this plan—which was Napoleon's—the company promoter would be eliminated, and sugar-making might be going on next year with beets which would be sown in the spring. As it is necessary, however, that the fields in which beets are to be grown shall be deep-ploughed and manured before December, there is no time to lose. If this proposal should commend itself on other grounds to the Government, a question which we should not like to prejudge, it is suggested that there should be added to the Royal Commission four or five additional members, specially acquainted with agricultural conditions and with the possibilities of sugar beet; and that—this is a time, not for following but for making precedents—the Commission should be entrusted with the building and management of the State factories. The State factories and the State farms, which would grow part of their beets, would need very careful

management. But clear business heads are to be found in our agricultural world, and the State factory and farm scheme would be helped greatly by the presence in this country of Belgian refugees, who have the best experience of dealing with beets, both in the field and in the factory. The cost at least would not be great. Even for five factories the demand on the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not be for more than a million; and there is force in an appeal on behalf of an industry which, wherever it has been established, has always raised the standard of farming. The beet sugar industry is the only great agricultural industry in which the highest mechanical and scientific skill and business organization go hand-in-hand with the cleverest farming. The chief lion in the path of the proposed State factories is the attitude of foreign countries to our exports of sugar and foods containing sugar, should the Government take action which savored of the imposition of a bounty on sugar production.—Yours, &c.,

EXPERT.

## Letters to the Editor.

### ENGLAND AND THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article by Mr. Massingham in to-day's NATION occur these words: "Under the Treaty of 1839 we, in common with four other Powers, had guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium."

Such language is frequently used both by Cabinet Ministers and by public lecturers and in newspaper articles. May I venture to place before you the following considerations:—

(1) The text of the 1839 Treaty says nothing about the Powers signatory thereto being guarantors of the neutrality of Belgium. The Powers declare for that neutrality, but do not guarantee it. Each must respect it, but there is no pledge to defend it by war. The Treaty of 1831 does have a clause saying the Courts guarantee the neutrality, but the Treaty of 1839 omits the clause, and inserts another, that the 1831 Treaty is "not obligatory" on the Powers. (See Hertslet's Treaties, in the "Law" section of the British Museum, or other public library.) Mr. Joseph King, M.P., also explained this in an article in the "Daily Chronicle" on August 1st, 1914. But even if the Powers be, in a sense, guarantors, other considerations apply as follow:

(2) Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., in his book "International Law" (pages 99, 100, Fourth Edition), has the following words: "Of a collective guarantee a well-known instance was the Treaty by which the Great Powers in 1831 asserted the perpetual neutrality of Belgium. It has been much disputed whether, if the other parties to such a guarantee decline to intervene on occasion, a single signatory is released from his obligations. Lord Derby, in 1867, answered this question affirmatively, in a controversy which arose as to the English obligations under the Treaty of Luxemburg: 'In the event of a violation of neutrality all the Powers who have signed the treaty may be called upon for collective action. No one of these Powers is liable to be called upon to act singly or separately. It is a case, so to speak, of limited liability' (Hansard, third ser., clxxxvii., 1922)." Mr. Smith argues that "On principle Lord Derby's contention is unanswerable."

Sir Edward Grey accepts Lord Derby as an authority in the recent Correspondence (No. 148, White Paper No. 6, 1914). Lord Derby's contention is not there definitely accepted in regard to Belgium, but in regard to Luxemburg; but the principle is one and the same.

(3) In that telegram, No. 148, Sir Edward Grey says the Cabinet were considering what statement to make in Parliament, "whether we should declare violation of Belgian neutrality to be a *casus belli*." So there was uncertainty about it, which could hardly be so if the Treaty of 1839 made it necessary for England to protect the neutrality by war.

Of course, there were other grounds on which England desired Germany to keep hands off Belgium; for, as Sir Edward Grey said, England would suffer herself by Ger-



many's "unmeasured aggrandisement" (Speech in Parliament, August 3rd, 1914). Also, Belgium appealed for help, though we must remember Sir Edward Grey advised Belgium to resist (Correspondence, No. 155 in White Paper).

(4) I may add that Mr. P. J. Baker (Senior Whewell Scholar in International Law, Cambridge) wrote to the "Daily News" (August 4th) showing that England's liability was not *unlimited*, even if we regard her as a guarantor of Belgium's neutrality.

It is of importance that English people should be clear as to whether we really are defending "sacred treaty pledges."—Yours, &c., G. T. SADLER, LL.B.

Wimbledon, October 6th, 1914.

[The Treaty of 1839 may not have used the term "guarantors," but it is obvious that none of its signatories interpreted it in any other sense than as a guaranteeing instrument, including Gladstone, who was prepared to vindicate it by force; Germany, who violated it merely on an excuse of military necessity; and Belgium, who called on the parties to stand by her when Germany tore it up. Each party to the collective treaties may, of course, judge for itself whether violation by another party constitutes a cause for forcible interference, but surely the question of honor was, in the particular case before us, of the greatest cogency.—ED., NATION.]

#### MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S PROPOSED TERMS OF PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In view of the approval of Mr. Arnold Bennett's proposals in the "Daily News" expressed in your last issue, I should like to call attention to two points on which they appear to need emendation.

1. As regards Alsace-Lorraine. Surely the only truly Liberal principle is that the people of Alsace-Lorraine should decide for themselves as to their future. In accordance with the precedent set by France herself on the cession of Nice and Savoy, the inhabitants of these provinces should be asked to decide by *plébiscite* whether they desire: (1) autonomy in the German Empire; (2) guaranteed neutrality as an independent State; or (3) return to France. The first alternative is what they claimed, with remarkable unanimity, before the war; and with a view to averting such a calamity, now that war has broken out, they will probably desire the third. The second appears the most desirable in the interests of Europe, but ought not to be forced upon them against their will, to say nothing of the objection certain to be raised by France. If the vote showed a substantial majority in any easily separable portion of Alsace-Lorraine in favor of remaining within the German Empire, whilst other portions manifest a similarly strong desire to become French, a second vote might be taken, the alternatives being (1) a partition based on these results of the first vote, and (2) joint independence and neutrality.

2. As regards the German colonies which have been or may yet be annexed by the Allies, I submit that the opinion of the inhabitants ought here also to be the deciding factor. If they desire to return to German control, no true Liberal can wish for unwilling subjects. But if they prefer to remain British (or French, or Japanese, as the case may be), it would be contrary to Liberal principles that they should be forced back under German rule. A *plébiscite* would hardly be applicable, but experienced colonial administrators would know how to ascertain native opinion, through the chiefs or otherwise.

In both cases, that of Alsace-Lorraine and that of the Colonies, the arrangements for consulting the populations should be made by Commissions on which both sides are represented, and in which neutrals should have a casting vote.—Yours, &c., JOSEPH G. ALEXANDER.

Tunbridge Wells, October 6th, 1914.

#### "JOURNALESE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The present foreign complications offer the usual chance to hack journalists for airing their smattering of French and other words and phrases which, in at least 50 per cent. of cases, are either misspelt or incorrectly applied,

Thus, redundant letters are added to Reims, Gent, Coblenz, Brandenburg, Mecklenburg, Prag, Pest, Bern (and, of course, Brussel, Lyon, Marseille), while Hannover, Württemberg, Strassburg are unduly shortened. French or quasi-French spellings are preferred to the vernacular in Bruges for Brugge (Eng. Brug), Meuse for Maas, "Leyden" for Leiden, Hague for Haag (the real French is La Haye), Nuremberg for Nürnberg, Aix-la-Chapelle for Aachen, while Liège appears as "Liège," Mâcon as "Maçon," Schelde as "Scheldt" (like "veldt" for veld), and Basel (Fr. Bâle) as "Basle"—to which there would be no objection if Anglicized and pronounced bay-sle. Careless or ignorant misprints such as "encieinte" for enceinte, "Criel" for Creil, "Pomern" for Pommern, "Marchienne" for Marchiennes, "Troye" for Troyes, are legion. We find "a Uhlan" for an Uhlan, just as in the Boer War it was "a Uitlander"—only a few writers having the common sense to use the plain English, Outlander!

Surely, too, it is now time to naturalize the established words debris, detour, depot—especially as the usual spelling and pronunciation are, as in the similar case of envelope, neither English nor French—also regime, resume (accent, as in the nouns annex, combine, invite, on the first syllable), freeshooter or sniper for franc-tireur, comrades for camaraderie, impass, in mass, in block, on route; while the idiotic "on the carpet," "goes without saying" should be replaced by on the table and it needs no saying or it is self-evident. Let us also write burger and burgermaster, personal and material as substantives, moral, better still mettle or fettle, for the absurd morale—which in French has a totally different meaning, viz., ethics—and message, dispatch, or circular for communiqué, which usually appears as "communiqué." What we variously speak of as "reveille" or "reveillé" is in French réveil, and should be anglicized as reveil, rôle as role (better, roll), blonde as blond, while "Bravo Russia," "Italia Irredenta" should be Brava Russia, Italia Irredempta, and "Lybia" Lybia. There is no such word in French as "racquet," which our scribes substitute for racket, as looking so much more refined, the proper form being raquette. Blücher and Krüger are the exact spellings, in both the middle consonant being guttural.

The confusion is, naturally, worse confounded in words from farther East. If we write Serb, why not Serbia? (The correct spelling is Srbija.) "Belgrade" should be Beograd, "Bucharest" Bucuresci, also "Bosphorous" (sic), "Ægean," "Piræus" Bosphorus, Ægean, Piræus.

And, surely, we might now be consistent in the orthography of Indian names, as sardâr, darbâr, mahârâjâ, bigam, sipâhi, raiyat, kuli, Bangâl, Panjâb, Maisur, Lakhnan, Kanhpur, Satlaj, Mirath, Jagannâth, Muhammad, except, perhaps, in a very few words like Bombay, Madras (for Mumbai, Mândrâj), which are hopelessly anglicized. The limit of stupidity is reached in llama (Peruvian sheep, pron. lyahmah) for Tibetan priest.

We constantly meet hack phrases which are used in nauseating iteration, such as "in touch," "turned turtle"—to the total exclusion of in communication or contact, and capsized—"into the sea" for to or over the sea, "steam-roller," "Tommies," used also of Belgians, though it would be so interesting to know the native pet-name—is it pioupiou, as in France?—and reference to the enemy as "he" and "his," though the plural pronoun is used in other such connections as government, army, &c. "Infinitely," "tremendously," are employed in the sense of immensely or vastly. The rather silly designation "private" might be replaced by trooper, seeing we speak of troops, and husar spelt in this, the correct form, especially as it better indicates the sound both in quality and accent. The Spanish for skirmish and skirmisher is guerrilla and guerrillero.

If journalists—and novelists—would take half the pains to use or introduce simple idiomatic English expressions, or, if they must employ foreign words, to write them accurately, as they do to follow the current mannerisms or affectations of the time being without regard to consistency, our popular literature would be much less irritating to those who are accustomed to choose their words with some regard to precision.—Yours, &c.,

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

32, Stanwick Mansions, West Kensington.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Napoleon's Russian Campaign." By Edward Foord. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)  
 "The Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford." (Methuen. 2 vols. 30s. net.)  
 "Notes on Novelists." By Henry James. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "China and the Dowager Empress." By J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)  
 "A Dictionary of Madame de Sévigné." By Edward FitzGerald. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 8s. net.)  
 "Abraham Lincoln." By Rose Strunsky. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Idealistic Reaction Against Science." By Professor Aliotta. Translated by A. McCaskill. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)  
 "The Life of Catherine the Great of Russia." By E. A. Brayley Hodggets. (Methuen. 16s. net.)  
 "The Pan-Anglos." By Sinclair Kennedy. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Modern Pig-Sticking." By Major A. E. Wardrop. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)  
 "Pasteur and After Pasteur." By Stephen Paget. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Philip the King." By John Masefield. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Post Office." By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Wild Knight." By G. K. Chesterton. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Crime and Punishment." By F. Dostoevsky. Translated by C. Garnett. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Night Watches." By W. W. Jacobs. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)  
 "Prince and Heretic." By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen. 6s.)

It is not many months ago—though everything that happened before the war has already taken an odd air of remoteness—since two distinguished novelists, Mr. Henry James and Mrs. Edith Wharton, united in lamenting the present poverty and inefficacy of literary criticism in the English-speaking countries. I wonder what effect will be made on the minds of those who listened to their strictures by a glance through the pages of "Famous Reviews," which Mr. Brimley Johnson has just edited for the firm of Sir Isaac Pitman. In the palmy days of the "Edinburgh," the "Quarterly," and "Blackwood's," criticism, with all its faults, lacked neither courage nor force. It attracted men of distinction, who took the trouble to think about the works on which they wrote, and to express their verdict in terms which left little doubt of their meaning. Too much has been said about the private hostility and the personal abuse which these early reviewers allowed themselves, and not enough about the real capacity which they often showed.

TAKE Jeffrey, for example, whose fame as a critic has been so much damaged by his notice of Wordsworth's "Excursion," beginning with the words, "This will never do." Mr. Brimley Johnson prints extracts from five of Jeffrey's reviews, and a candid reader will admit that, in spite of their narrow outlook and dictatorial tone, they contain a good deal of permanent worth. His judgments on Wordsworth and Keats compare most favorably with those of many of his contemporaries. Jeffrey admired "the tenderness and beauty which the natural force of Wordsworth's imagination and affections shed over all his productions," and he began his review of Keats's poems by recognizing "the genius they display and the spirit of poetry which breathes through all their extravagance." Wilson, on the other hand, was savage in his treatment of Keats, and he thought "The Excursion" the worst poem in the English language. Perhaps the review of Jeffrey's which will seem most strange to a reader to-day, is that of Moore. Jeffrey admits "the singular sweetness and melody" of Moore's versification, but reproaches him for being "the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of those who, in our times, have devoted their talents to the propagation of immorality."

EVERYBODY has read Macaulay's review of Croker's "Boswell," but Croker's counter-offensive, in his notice of the first two volumes of Macaulay's "History," is less familiar, and Mr. Brimley Johnson has done well to include it in his selection. Croker's attack is full of spirit, and it will be enjoyed by those who like to see hard hitting. He classes Macaulay's work as an "historical novel," thinks its pages "as copious a repertorium of vituperative eloquence as

our language can produce," and accuses their author of "habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities."

"There is hardly a page—we speak literally, hardly a page—that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in color: and the whole of the brilliant and at first captivating narrative is perceived on examination to be impregnated to a really marvellous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and, we are under the painful necessity of adding—bad faith."

After citing passages in proof of these charges, Croker concludes with a prophecy that the work "will hardly find a place on the historic shelf," and that it will never "be quoted as authority on any question or point of the History of England."

EVERY review, says Mr. Brimley Johnson, "stands somewhere between a critical essay and a publisher's advertisement," and as a diligent reader of reviews, I believe that the great defect of modern reviewing is that it is closer to the latter than the former. Whatever may be said of Jeffrey, Brougham, Wilson, and their contemporaries, they had the courage of their opinions, and this is what one misses most in contemporary criticism. It is the reviewer's business, not only to point his readers to what is worth their attention, but to save them from wasting their time on what is not. Of the books that see the light during any year, it is certain that nine out of ten are of no permanent value, and the reviewer who fails to make that fact clear betrays his incompetence. Yet the number of "kind" notices of books that obviously do not deserve such treatment, is enormous. This is due in part to external influences, to puffery prompted by counting-house conditions, but I am afraid that not a little of it is also due to want of courage in the reviewers. They remember the mistakes made by Jeffrey and the men of his time, and in order to avoid similar errors, they play for safety and pour out a thin trickle of praise over good, bad, and indifferent. The result is the insipidity and feebleness of so many present-day reviews of books.

THIS does not mean that reviews, even of the feeble sort, do not sell books. Every publisher knows that they do. They sell them, in the same way as advertisements sell them, by making readers know that such-and-such a book, by such-and-such an author, has been published. But they do not sell them to anything like the extent which they might, that is, assuming the books to be good. Judging from my own experience, I should say that the commendatory reviews which force people to buy books are (1) those written and signed by men whose approval carries weight or who are specialists in their subjects; (2) those appearing in journals that are known to be capable of unsparing condemnation as well as of generous praise; (3) those written in such a way as to carry conviction that the writer's judgment is worth following. Best of all, in my opinion, are reviews which combine the qualities of (2) and (3), for anonymity leads to the presumption that the writer is delivering his judgment with less risk of either fear or favor.

As for the prospects of literary criticism in this country, I am afraid that the gloomy view of Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Henry James is only too true. In the first place, the number of periodicals which are open to reviews of reasonable length has sadly diminished since the days of Jeffrey and Brougham. And even in those the space given to appreciations of contemporary authors has been curtailed. We have a respectable if not large amount of critical writing about authors of established reputation. But the real test of a critic is his capacity to deal with a new book by an unknown writer. He can only do this adequately if he knows that an avenue of expression is open to him, and that he can bring his discovery before the notice of the public. Sainte-Beuve's work, for example, filled several columns of a journal every week for years. What chance would a Sainte-Beuve have of finding expression, if he existed among us to-day? If we compare the amount of space given to literary matters in the French weekly and monthly reviews with those in our own, we see one reason why French criticism is so much in advance of ours. Let us hope that the closer relations into which we have now entered with France will extend to letters as well as politics.

PENGUIN.

## Reviews.

## THE WORSHIP OF BEAUTY.

"Robert Bridges: A Critical Study." By F. E. BRETT YOUNG. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE poetry of Robert Bridges implies, in the first place, a culture which is very extensive and exquisitely discriminating. The most unobservant reader must perceive that this poetry is firmly based on a keen and learned delight in the muses of many ages and many countries—in their poetry, their music, their science, their philosophy. This is so evident that you may still find people considering Mr. Bridges as a man who has done over again what has been done often enough already. Although no poet would refuse to possess and enjoy, if he had the ability, such culture as this poet possesses, yet Mr. Bridges's good fortune in this respect has been levelled at him as a reproach. So it might be a reproach, if it were all his fortune; only in that case he would not be a poet. The fine quality of Mr. Bridges's poetry is due to the fact that it also implies, and much more decidedly, something of infinitely greater importance; it implies the possession of an absolutely independent and individual artistic conscience. When Mr. Bridges's poetry, so to speak, remembers the past, it is coincidence—coincidence of ideals and of methodic convenience. It often does remember the past; but just as often it is creating the future of poetry. Its bold and successful experiments should be the first thing for candid criticism to lay hold of; and Mr. Brett Young, while refusing to speculate how far the novelties in Mr. Bridges's work "may form the basis for a new school of English verse," adds that, at any rate, "no great poet of his class, isolated, at once revivalist and inventor, has yet failed sooner or later to influence the growth of our literature"—precisely because our literature on the whole does, with the level-headedness of which Mr. Bridges might stand for the type, remember its past. In a word, when tradition happens to be the language in which Mr. Bridges may most exactly and rightly say his say, tradition is frankly the language he uses, though the substance is always himself. But few poets have ever been more ready than he is to invent their own language. What never alters with him is the determined conscience of his art. The precise shade and contour of the beauty that is his vision—nothing less than that, nothing easier or more generalized, is what he exquisitely labors at.

With a poet who is thus, as Mr. Brett Young neatly says, "at once revivalist and inventor," it would be false psychology to suppose that the culture impregnating his perceptions does not influence the vision of beauty itself as well as the terms in which that beauty is declared. The texture of his sensation, we can see, is a warp of the authorized delights—the things whose approval begins in Homer and is elaborated in the finest succeeding poetry—crossed by a woof of his own peculiar and uniquely radiant pleasure. So, too, the poetry which takes up this sensation is simultaneously familiar and unique; when it is most original it is never startling; when its tone is most familiar, it is subtly and indescribably individual. It is evident, then, that this is poetry which makes a rather stringent demand on criticism. If a critic is to say anything really illuminating about Mr. Bridges, he must match the poet's culture, and he must have the candor and the æsthetic alertness which can appreciate the how and the wherefore of new devices in poetry. There can be no doubt that Mr. Brett Young does possess these exceptional qualifications. He knows just what Mr. Bridges is doing in his poetry; and he knows, and, what is more, can nicely analyze, how he is doing it. His critical study is, in fact, the most penetrating and exact, as it is the most extensive, account of the work of our laureate. It leaves practically nothing unexamined, and it is an examination carried out by one who is able to refer constantly and without the self-consciousness which is pedantry, to the common law of poetic technique. Indeed, Mr. Brett Young's culture, which includes, like Mr. Bridges's own, science and music, is also on the side of literature rather unusual; witness the interesting parallel to certain individual delicacies of Mr. Bridges's technique which he finds in the practice of Welsh poetry.

But Mr. Brett Young is no more a critic who judges by the book than Mr. Bridges is a poet who composes by the book. Culture, in the sense in which we have been using it, is not merely a record of the achievements of dead men, conformity with which absolves one from the duty of making one's own opinions. Culture is a spirit; certainly not a repressive spirit, and not so much a formative spirit as a spirit of urgency and stimulus. Far from taking the place of individuality in thought, it deepens and defines individuality. It is the anarchist's mistake to suppose that a man is most himself when he is in a vacuum; and it is the mistake of the Socialist and the Bostonian to suppose that society and culture are things valuable in themselves, and not simply for their particular services to this or that individual. A man may walk up a moving staircase at the same pace another man walks up a fixed flight; but the man on the moving staircase ascends the quicker of the two. That is a rough image of individuality supported by the forces of a really civilized society. And so it is with genuine culture; individual aspiration is carried on an immense momentum of the aggregated desires and achievements of the past, which raises it to a loftier power without tampering with its private character. This is a very different thing from a reproduction of the past; anyone who wants to see how different it is may be advised to read Mr. Brett Young's chapters on the landscape of Mr. Bridges's poetry. No poet has derived more from the open air than this supremely cultured poet; no poet has more sincerely or intensely portrayed the beauty of earth. This part of his poetry, says his critic, with perfect truth, "is not so much a return to Nature as a return to naturalness." But this apparent simplicity comes from an individual apprehension schooled by all the teachers of beauty, until its exquisitely governed faculty of selection can make a great breadth of background come crowding in behind a few glowing strokes of minute detail. It gives us, in fact, an altogether new vision of the beauty of England; not something done according to precedent, but one more step in an endless argument—in an argument, at least, that will only end when the creative spirit of England comes to end.

Mr. Bridges, as everybody knows, has given much attention to the technical side of his art; so much, that he has been called, with hasty and false convenience, simply a poet of technique. Mr. Brett Young's monograph should do away with that silly misapprehension. Mr. Bridges's passion for technique is due to his passion for artistic honesty. A poet who has determined to be truthful to the last minutia of his inspiration has only one security—technique, exactly controlled and completely explored. Here is a stanza which may be taken as typical of Mr. Bridges:—

"The lenten lilies, through the frost that push,  
Their yellow heads withhold:  
The woodland willow stands a lonely bush  
Of nebulous gold;  
There the Spring-goddess cowers in faint attire  
Of frightened fire."

There is no difficulty about appreciating the rare beauty of those lines, perfectly marrying sound and imagery. But, perhaps, it needs something like Mr. Brett Young's wide familiarity with poetic methods to realize just what sort of an accomplishment that stanza is. It is certain, at any rate, that only the finest mastery of technique could have captured in mid-flight that subtle vision of beauty without any apparent effort and without shaking the bloom on its wings. It is only natural, then, that Mr. Bridges should be a contributor to the theory as well as to the practice of technique. Curiously, it is just here that Mr. Brett Young seems to lack sympathy with his poet's aims; and more than seems to lack the right understanding of them. Mr. Bridges's studies in the principles of English versification—his "Letter to a Musician," for instance (which one is glad to see reprinted in the current number of "Poetry and Drama"), or that masterly little treatise, "Milton's Prosody"—attempt to make prosody a scientific affair; which is no more than to say, they attempt to explain the actual practice of English prosody efficiently and honestly. The golden rule on which they work is the golden rule for all prosodies of civilized language: versification consists in superimposing selected rhythms of speech over an "understood" metrical basis. It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Bridges's elaboration of this rule for English verse has



made slipshod theory look as foolish as slipshod practice does when compared with his own clean, athletic art. Mr. Brett Young's dissatisfaction with all this, expressed in a rather too confident style, springs, it would seem, from nothing more convincing than impatience with "rules." Instead, he offers us a tentative explanation which contains many ingenious and some valuable remarks, but which as a whole is impossibly vague and misty.

But Mr. Bridges's art is the important thing; and here Mr. Brett Young's discussion is quite adequate. Whatever he may think of the theories, the verse itself—the movement, say, of "London Snow" or "The Dead Child"—has had no juster admirer. And so also with the more inward qualities of "The Growth of Love," "Eros and Psyche," the "Shorter Poems," and the rest. Mr. Brett Young does not merely describe; he quickens our own apprehension. The book, nevertheless, is not an exciting one. But then Mr. Bridges is not an exciting poet, except for purely artistic excitements. Mr. Bridges's poetry does not allure us by suggesting secrets; it has no secrets, except the open secret—beauty. Nobody ever asked, of a poem by Mr. Bridges, "What does it mean? What is its significance?" For this poetry is all meaning; the poetry itself is the meaning; and its significance is the one unalterable and universal significance. "Eros and Psyche," says Mr. Brett Young, roundly enough, "is the most beautiful narrative poem in the language." Very likely it is; but is it anything else, besides being beautiful? The proper answer to that is Socratic: Why should it be anything else? At any rate, if you want the world sized up, put right, justified, condemned, or in any other way intellectualized or moralized, you had better not read Mr. Bridges's poetry; it is for those who can, at any rate while they are reading it, be satisfied with beauty—beauty loved and honored in many enchanting ceremonies, declared in splendid and delicate language. "His first concern is with beauty," says Mr. Brett Young; "not the beauty of form and movement only, but of the ideas and states of mind to which they give birth." Some of the ideas of beauty in Mr. Bridges's poetry have grandeur as well; the great chorus, "O, my vague desires," for instance, or the speculations of "Demeter." More notable still is that constant mood of profound rather than passionate acceptance of life. But it is beauty first, last, and midst with him; beauty consumes all the other chances of life. This puts the critic, even such a fine critic as Mr. Brett Young, at some disadvantage. When beauty is the theme, we may discuss the way the song is sung, but the song itself we must take for granted; how can it be pointed out to those who cannot hear it? Mr. Bridges's poetry is like Schubert's music. If we like it, there is no more to be said; we know why we like it, but the knowledge is scarcely communicable. If we do not like it, there is no more to be said either.

#### MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S NEW NOVEL.

"The Price of Love." By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen. 6s.)

IN "The Price of Love" we see Mr. Arnold Bennett's art, if not at its highest, lengthiest pitch, at its most demonstrably sure. Personally, we are grateful for his restriction of his canvas to a group of six figures, for the reason that to breathe yet again the murky atmosphere of a family epic in the Five Towns calls for the resisting power of a native. We have all lived through the procession of years in "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger," years that pushed the older generation into the grave and brought the younger, in motor-cars, to weddings and christenings, and now we look back gratefully, and marvel at the craft and knowledge of the guide whom nothing escaped. And our gratitude grows when we realize in "The Price of Love," that Mr. Arnold Bennett has an admirable sense for the excesses of a method. He has recognized here that by the artful selection of crisis and episode a domestic chronicle may give as much pleasure as can an epic's continuous stream of aspect and march of events. And in "The Price of Love," the highly detailed analysis of the emotions of the household in the trim house at Bycars loses nothing by the fact that the first eight chapters and the last eleven are each restricted to the exposition of the domestic crisis of a few days. The advantage, to the reader at least, is that the quality of the

dish seems choicer when our plate is not heaped with too much food. One gains in appetite indeed for being freed from fear of the penalty that waits on a surfeit.

After the first few waves of the author's wand, we know that the magic of his method is as strong as ever. It is a phrase on page three—"Now the blinds, my dear," said she"—that proves to us that the ritual of the placid existence of Mrs. Maldon, the old lady of seventy-two, holds no more secrets from Mr. Bennett than does the virgin heart of her new "lady companion," Miss Rachel Fleckring. For her anxiety that the blinds shall be lowered the instant after the gas has been lit, "places" Mrs. Maldon exactly where she belongs, among the ranks of those virtuous and benign old ladies whose silken-polished sideboards and Turkey carpets and "tables crowded with porcelain, crystal silver, and flowers," whose bookcases and corner cupboards, and speckless tea-trays speak of careful investments in real estate and approved stock, with the existence of a trustee and an old-established firm of solicitors in the background. Mr. Bennett, like a chess-player intent on his gambit, deploys his pieces with masterly assurance, and it is the white-whiskered Councillor Thomas Batchgrew, with his "adventurous, sniffing nose, and restless eyes, and wrinkled black kid gloves, and multitudinous noisiness," who, as the trustee in question, makes the momentous move that determines the game. So hypnotized are we by the clever veracity of the portrait of Old Batchgrew, this "religionist and chairman of the local Church of England Village Mission Fund, and politician, powerful in municipal affairs," and temperance reformer who is head of a big firm of decorators and plumbers, &c., that when he comes to tea with Mrs. Maldon, and counts over banknotes of the value of nine hundred and sixty-five pounds, the proceeds of her Brougham Street mortgage, and insists on leaving the money for the night in its legal owner's care, we are delighted with the incident. This is the author's artistic gambit, to be developed with such strategic brilliance that we never dream of questioning the incident's naturalness. The fact is that when a writer has convinced us that his concern is first and last with human nature we are ready to grant him any situation he likes whereby his characters may prove themselves.

And Mr. Bennett's characters, dear old Mrs. Maldon, and her two grand-nephews, the unbearably brusque Julian Maldon, and the elegantly specious Louis Fores, and the girl, Rachel, and Councillor Batchgrew, do prove themselves to the reader's gleeful satisfaction. The material drama simply revolves round the disappearance of the banknotes from the house a few hours after Mrs. Maldon has not, as she fondly imagined, safely deposited them in her wardrobe and bookcase; and it is the deceptive ramifications of the human mind made visible in the characteristic expressions of feeling and manner that Mr. Bennett expounds with extraordinary clairvoyance. On nearly every other page we meet with the richest evidence of his psychological originality. As we have hinted, his exposition of old Mrs. Maldon's indistinctification of her loved furniture with the whole aftermath of memories of her wifehood, motherhood, and widowhood, is touching in its truth. And no less remarkable in its humorous veracity is his light dissection of the complex skein of emotions of a girl in love. For, indeed, the manner of the comely, capable maiden, Rachel, "so excellent, so lovable, so trustworthy," towards the slippery grand-nephew, Louis Fores, Mrs. Maldon is sadly constrained to admit is—well, not ideally maidenly. The two grand-nephews, Julian and Louis, come to a little party at their aunt's on the very evening that Councillor Batchgrew has arrived there and left the banknotes, and the confusion of events in which Louis's and Rachel's feelings crystallize into love—when the notes disappear first into Louis's pockets and then into the fire, and his poor aunt has a stroke and the doctor is sent for—all this is handled with surpassing dramatic skill. Mr. Bennett starts with six characters, and as after a hundred pages Mrs. Maldon and the taciturn Julian are placed *hors de combat*, we assist at a sustained duet between the infatuated lovers, with the occasional intervention from the wings of Mrs. Tams, the faithful charwoman, and the odious Councillor Batchgrew.

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in his descriptions of intimate domesticity. The way the young man parts his hair or surveys his boot-trees, the manner in which the servile Mrs. Tams holystones the doorstep, the "disturbingly girlish look" of the young woman in her dusty bicycle skirt—such impressivistic flashes charge the secrets of personality with elemental meaning. And positively admirable is the sympathetic elucidation of the fickle Louis's character. The minor fact that Louis embezzles his master's money and falsifies his cash-books is seen to weigh lightly against the virtues of his manner with women and his dazzling faculty of getting himself out of a hole. Mr. Bennett's philosophic outlook we note seems to have mellowed appreciably in these latter years. His people of the "Five Towns" are scrutinized, so to say, with a more leisurely eye, and the harshness of their provincial creed is neither appreciated nor stressed with quite the old intensity. His humor in "The Price of Love" is not of "the hempen homespun" variety of "The Card," but of more pleasant and silkier texture. In short, though this reviewer has other undisclosed reasons for his opinion, he will commit himself briefly to the dictum that Mr. Bennett's last novel "is one of his best."

#### A WITNESS FROM LIEGE.

"The Siege of Liège." By PAUL HAMELIUS. (Werner Laurie. 1s. net.)

THE disabilities placed in the path of war correspondents at the front, together with the mystery-mongering of the Official Press Bureau, have been, in some respects, beneficial to the condition of the public mind. But, unfortunately, the gain we receive from this conspiracy of silence does not by any means balance the loss. Through it lies, rumors, misrepresentations, swarm about us, and hinder a just discrimination of values.

For this reason, we welcome Dr. Hamelius's impartial observations upon the siege of his native town, both as material for future historians and as a counterfoil to present obscurities and fabrications. Dr. Hamelius is Professor of English Literature in the University of Liège, and so, though an amateur of war (which he fully acknowledges), an expert in the choice and adjustment of impressions. His paper is not confined only to a record of the bombardment, resistance, and final surrender of the town. He gives us an able summary of the strategic lie of the country round Liège, the disposition and strength of its forts, and their relation to an advance upon Brussels or upon Paris. In addition, he sketches the state of public opinion before the war and Leopold's attempts to reorganize the army, to fortify Antwerp, and to erect strong defences along the line of the Meuse. The war broke out, as it did in Russia, before the modernization of the military resources had been completed. He also gives an interesting survey of the Belgian attitude to France and Germany. Before the war, the country, as a whole, was by no means united in friendship to France and in opposition to Germany. The clerical Ultramontanes, who have been in power for the last thirty years, were bitterly hostile to the secularist policy of Republican France, and the Flemish element, whose language is a Teutonic offshoot, were engaged in a mild vendetta against the Francophil Walloon element, of which Liège is the virtual capital. But, in spite of their inherent dislike of militarism, all parties realized, if only dimly, the insecurity of their neutrality and the more immediate possibility of an invasion from Germany than from France. And the temperamental independence of the Belgian psychology was at all times averse from the coercive methods of the Prussian Junker.

Dr. Hamelius draws an intimate picture of the individual feeling of the people in the time of suspense before and after the Prussian ultimatum. Amid the chaos of terrified anticipations and distracted and divided counsels, his account of an Italian bank-clerk from Cologne throws a curiously searching light on the business of war:—

"He was a young man of firm principles and logical views. He did not like war, therefore he went to Spain, the only European country likely to be free of the trouble. Barcelona was a nice town where he was quite at home. . . . Then, smiling upon a silly looking English girl in front of him: 'I geeve my ekeen to nobodie!' His little bag containing his earthly belongings was under his feet, and he was provided with an umbrella."

The author is rather vague about the actual bombardment of Liège. Indeed, it would have been impossible for a civilian, confined within his house and hearing only the rumblings of distant cannonading, to be anything else. He simply tells us, not about the manœuvres of the German forces, but what he and his neighbors felt like. And he can tell us no more the reason for the capitulation of the town than the veriest war correspondent. The Germans simply arrived—that was all—greatly to the surprise of the inhabitants, of the military with whom he came into contact, and of himself. He has an important word to say about the conduct of the soldiers after the occupation, a word which we must quote, if only as evidence on the other side:—

"I cannot say a word in contradiction of the reports of German atrocities that have appeared in English newspapers, but as a truthful witness I am bound to state that, with a single unimportant exception, all the German officers and soldiers whom I saw in Liège behaved with civility and good temper. The loud voice which we have all heard from the mouths of Prussian men in uniform was hushed, the imperious and aggressive manner was restrained. All spoke and behaved gently, apologized for the trouble they gave, and explained that they only wanted to pass. The orders given to the invading army must have been very strict, and it was obviously the policy of the invading force to make themselves as welcome as possible."

The explanation "that they only wanted to pass" is no excuse for a wanton invasion of an inoffensive country; but it is well to give prominence to the statements of learned men like Dr. Hamelius.

#### THE ITALIAN RESURRECTION.

"Memoirs of Youth: Things Seen and Known, 1847-60." By GIOVANNI VISCONTI VENOSTA. Translated by WILLIAM BALL. With an Introduction by W. ROSCOE THAYER. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS charming book of memoirs may be described as a sermon on a text on which every newspaper in the civilized world preaches daily its voluminous sermon—the text that might divorced from right is criminal, and sooner or later self-destroying. Not that its author in the least meant to sermonize. His book is informal, though coherent from first to last; largely anecdotal; easy, conversational in style, wholly devoid of literary artifice; sane and urbane. Yet the moral is insistent, because of the striking resemblance between the "Blonde Beast" of the Lombardo-Venetian oppression, and the "Blonde Beast" of the Franco-Belgian devastation of 1914. The difference is one of degree. The Austrian Governor of Milan, Radetzky, with his dogma that "three years of blood" was the best means of securing "thirty years of peace," was an earlier Bernhardt; and whereas Austria's barbarities were confined to two small provinces, Prussia's have Europe for their arena. Austria's Lombard policy in 1848-60 was Prussia's in 1914, but in faint outline and on a small scale. In both cases, the reader is struck as much by the spoiler's stupidity as by his criminality; by his insensitiveness to the ferment of new ideas heralding a higher stage in the life of nations; by his inability to foresee the defeat of mere mechanism when opposed to "man's unconquerable mind." Our author's frequent use of the word stupidity as applied to the Austrian's burglarious methods during the years of the *risorgimento* has quite the ring of the year 1914.

The literary and scientific congresses springing up in Northern Italy several years before 1848—the subjects discussed at them—were, writes our author, a symptom of "national awakening"; an approaching revolution that escaped none but the bureaucrats and the military officers, the Junkers, of Austrian Lombardy. Milanese society's polite boycott of Junkerdom; the political complexion which the people gave even to charitable institutions, on the control of which aristocrats and democrats met on equal footing; even a popular gift offered to Victor Emmanuel's wife (soon to be Queen of liberal Piedmont); the election of an Italian Archbishop in place of the German whom the Kaiser would force upon his subjects—these, and like incidents, stirred the "stagnant pool" into which, as our author writes, the life of Northern Italy had sunk since the revision of the map of Europe in 1815.



Other belligerent nations may suffer from unemployment.

## In Belgium alone there has been created a whole Nation of Unemployed.

In other countries trade and industry are dislocated.

### In Belgium they have come to a complete standstill.

Out of a population of eight millions, seven millions are under the heel of the invader. Railwaymen are starving, for railways have ceased to work. Office clerks are starving, for banks and offices are closed. Public officials are starving, for no salaries can be paid. The Belgian Government is beleaguered in Antwerp. Journalists and printers are starving, for newspapers and books have ceased to appear. Millhands and coalminers are starving, for mills and coalmines and ironworks are closed. It is true that the Germans have re-opened the gigantic gun works of Cockerill, and have even offered the Belgian ironworkers an increase of wages of 50 per cent. But I doubt whether the 15,000 ironworkers of Cockerill will be induced by this diabolical bribe to manufacture the German guns which will mow down their Belgian brethren.

A few days ago **KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM**, in the course of an interview, was dilating on the recent barbarities committed by the enemy. I pointed out to His Majesty that retribution was coming, that victory was near at hand. His Majesty's confidence in the final issue was as absolute as my own, but no anticipation of a final victory could comfort him in the present universal distress of his subjects and the appalling ravages of the war. "When victory comes to our arms, what will remain of my miserable people?"

Let us, therefore, not be afraid of doing too much. Let us not discriminate in our charity. The Belgians have fought, they are still fighting, the battles of Great Britain. If there is to be priority, let priority be given to those who were first in suffering, and who will suffer longest. If the British and American people and the British and American Governments are not going to help, who will help? As long as German occupation lasts, there is no Belgium Government to appeal to. Until the Teutonic invader is expelled from Belgian territory, the Belgian people are under the sole protection of, and dependent on, the sole generosity of their British and American brethren.

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We are giving the following extracts from messages and letters which Dr. Sarolea has received on behalf of the "Everyman Belgian Relief and Reconstruction Fund."

From **Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON** :—

"I hope that a generous response will still be made to Dr. Sarolea's eloquent and renewed appeal for the Belgian Relief Fund. Dr. Sarolea has a double right to speak of the crime and tragedy in Flanders, for he has not only seen it happening, but foreseen it before it happened. In his book on 'The Anglo-German Problem' he contemplated, along with many other things that have since come true, the recent violation of Belgium, though I do not suppose he contemplated its being anything so infernal as what his eyes have seen in Antwerp and along the Belgian roads. But, apart from all personal claims, there is a particular urgency and importance in the cause he pleads; and I for one should say, with a full sense of responsibility to the many just claims on us all, that if any charity has to suffer, it ought not to be this one."

From **MONSIGNOR R. H. BENSON** :—

"I am delighted to hear that you are making this appeal on behalf of Belgium, especially since your connection with Belgium and England will go far to make the appeal a success."

From **LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON** :—

"I gladly respond to your wish. Of all the crimes committed by the authors of the present war, the wanton invasion and sacking of Belgium appears to me to be the most shameful. Of all the sufferings inflicted upon innocent persons, those of the Belgians have been the most pitiful and harrowing. Of all the claimants for relief, they are the most deserving."

From **Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT** :—

"The civilisation of the whole world is indebted to Belgium for its superb stand against savagery; and the ample redress of the sufferings of Belgium should and will be the concern of the whole world."

From **Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC** :—

"We cannot restore what has been destroyed by men who are wholly unable to understand the tradition of Christian culture and who hate it, but we can at least find means whereby Belgium shall live until vengeance is taken."

From **Mr. J. L. GARVIN, Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"** :—

"In the work you are doing through 'EVERYMAN' and elsewhere for this cause, you have my whole sympathy, and few men living are so well equipped as you to further the purposes in which we both believe."

From the **"SPECTATOR"** :—

"We desire most heartily to support an Appeal which has been issued by Dr. Sarolea on behalf of the Belgian Relief and Reconstruction Fund. As Dr. Sarolea points out in his leaflet, the Belgian refugees in Britain are only a section of the sufferers."

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**All donations to be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, "EVERYMAN" Belgian Relief and Reconstruction Fund, 21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh.**

Like the European war of 1914, the Lombard insurrection was precipitated by an accident that might have been peacefully atoned for—a street riot that broke out during the new Archbishop's public procession. And as the Russians have begun the great war by turning teetotalers, so the Italian revolutionists began by giving up smoking (thereby making a hole in the Austrian revenues). It was in the beginning of 1848, after some weeks of popular demonstration in honor of Italian patriots—of whom Pius IX., then in his fit of democratic enthusiasm, was the chief—that the revolution broke out, not only in Milan, but throughout Lombardy. To borrow our author's expression, the Northern Italians became, all at once, as if by some mysterious power, "a single family." But such, till the end of time, will be the effect of an ennobling purpose, of an appeal to humanity's best instincts, upon the mass of mankind. We see it to-day in the rally of the British Empire. The Milanese were an unarmed mob. The Austrian Governor had behind him the Imperial armies. Yet the impalpable, invisible force of the spirit overcame the force of powder and steel. And after five days' street fighting, the hated "Tedeschi" were expelled.

We can see how the five days' triumph was followed by the ten years of defeat, marked by the insolence, savage vindictiveness, terrorism, which our author records, and which will remind his readers of the exploits of the modern Huns in Belgium and France. The insurgents had had no previous training in public life. They separated into rival parties—Monarchical, Federal Republican, and Unified Republican. In the ten years of renewed suppression, all intellectual life in Lombardy appeared, says the memoirist, to have been killed out. But the people were learning in the school of adversity. It says much for them that they refrained from taking vengeance in the manner of their oppressors. As Prussian prisoners have been amazed at the humanity of their Anglo-Franco-Belgian captors, so Austrian officers, brought before Garibaldi, could not hide their astonishment at his kind, courteous treatment of them. They had expected in him a ruthless bandit. For the crime of defending their liberties the towns were fined, just as French and Belgian towns are in the present year; and then, as now, the country places suffered the most cruelly. Our memoirist tells an amusing story of Countess Dandolo's way of welcoming the young Emperor Francis Joseph to Milan on an occasion when the Hapsburger imagined that the mere presence of his sacrosanct person would conquer the affections of the rebellious population. The Kaiser's men invaded whole streets, broke into houses, and threatened all who should fail to decorate their windows along the Imperial route. The Countess, for whom an Austrian meant a beast of prey, and who was threatened like the rest, hung out from her window for sole decoration a tiger-skin.

### The Week in the City.

THE City is now in a stoical mood. It realizes that it is now about as well off as it can hope to be so long as the war goes on. The Bill Market is a little larger, especially in the Indian section; and in some parts of the country trade is very active under the stimulus of Government orders. Thus the West Riding is very busy manufacturing blankets and khaki cloth for the troops, and many of the hosiery mills at Leicester, Nottingham, &c., have actually been commandeered by the War Office. Heavy orders for soldiers' boots have been placed at Northampton and elsewhere, not only by our own Government, but also, it is believed, by the Governments of France and Russia. The Board of Trade

returns for September are very bad as compared with September, 1913, for they show a decrease of more than thirty-three millions sterling in our total foreign trade. But they are not unsatisfactory in that they represent a distinct recovery from the August figures. Unemployment and pauperism are being kept down by Government orders, which take the place of the losses on home consumption. It is understood, by the way—and indeed it is clear—that the figures of British exports for September (26½ as against 42½ millions sterling in September, 1913) are exclusive of the exports of naval and military stores, provisions, &c., to France and Belgium. As to the total war expenditure just now, that of Great Britain is currently estimated at about a million a day, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has now raised just 60 millions in Treasury Bills, at an average interest of only about 3½ per cent. If Great Britain is spending a million a day, the German Government, with all its Prussian thrift, can hardly be spending less than three. France and Austria may be spending two apiece, and Russia three, which would give a grand total of 11 millions a day, without counting Serbia. Where is it all to come from, and how is it to last? are questions which nobody seems able to answer. But it is at least certain that Great Britain, with command of the seas and with freedom from both Protection and Conscription, will be able to resist the encroachments of poverty and famine longer than any other of the belligerents. This reflection accounts for a good deal of the quiet confidence which prevails in financial circles.

#### MINIMUM PRICES.

As to artificial prices, a correspondent writes: The Stock Exchange Committee very soon realized the futility of its rule that sales of stocks and shares from abroad must not be for the benefit of an alien enemy, for it was, of course, quite open to alien enemies to sell them in Amsterdam or New York and for those centres to resell them here. The rule was applied to American securities because those are practically the only stocks which Germany or Austria can sell externally, and thus add to their internal resources. The Stock Exchange rule was, therefore, evidently framed with the idea of "doing the enemy harm." Realizing that the rule was useless as it stood, the Committee adopted New York's plan and prohibited any dealings below July 30th prices. The effect of this is to suspend dealings altogether, for practically the only transactions which have gone through were purchases against previous "short" sales, thus getting rid of the bear account and leaving markets without any support against fresh selling should they open again. Thus stocks and shares have practically become fixed assets for the time being. Those who relied upon selling them or borrowing upon them to pay their debts, cannot do so. America cannot liquidate her debts to us because she cannot sell securities here, and the position is bound to get worse instead of better, because people will not take up new securities if they are not sure of being able to turn them into money when they so desire. Keeping existing securities at July 30th prices has, to some extent, eased the minds of bankers because they are willing to lend upon them and to refrain from calling in the loans previously outstanding. But do people want to borrow at about 5½ per cent. in order to put the money into investments? Perhaps they might do so for the purpose of buying Birmingham Small Arms or the shares of some other industrial concern known to be doing well under present circumstances; certainly they will not do it to buy Consols at 68½. Thus we get the paradox of industrial shares being a better security than Consols as far as marketability is concerned, and we are faced with the impossibility of resuming free dealings in securities whose market in the ordinary way is a wide one, until the war is over. LUCELLUM.

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